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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Pro-Slavery.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Phaindealer.

DOUGLASS, GARRISON, AND S. S. FOSTER ON THE RESERVE.

This brotherhood of literal "*black* spirits and *white*," are now at Munson, Geauga county.—They commenced their meetings Sunday, we understand.

The Reserve seems to be the favourite stumping ground of the fanatical disunionists of the East.—When their own people at home are so sick of their eternal din that they will not turn out to hear them at all, though they pretend to think a crisis is at hand, and they issue their hand-bills, and call their Conventions with a great bluster, then they come out here. And here they are sure to gather a crowd to listen to their ravings.

At Munson, they have a tent spread for the crowd. It was calculated to hold between two and three thousand people. But the crowd collected to the number, it is said, of five thousand—of course the tent could not hold them.

And what is this vast gathering of the people to accomplish? With the great mass, it is undoubtedly their aim to gratify a mere curiosity. They want to hear the black Douglass, whose career of triumphant receptions, on the part of the nobility of Old England, is known to all. They want too, to see William Lloyd Garrison—the great glorified of the late Abby Kelley.

Washington said, in his farewell address to the American people of his day, of our day, and of the future, "*frown* upon the least dawning of any attempt to divide the Union." But these abolition declaimers who are going about the country, *all* they aim at is to destroy the Union. They know, too, that such as they, are clearly, pointedly, unequivocally, condemned by the Father of his country, and that it is upon such as these efforts that he invokes a frown. Therefore it is, that they do not fail to slander and villify even him, in language of positive shame-facedness, that would not disgrace "a tongue set on fire of hell." We have just seen a true-hearted Democrat of old Geauga, who venerates the memory of the great and good Washington, and who loves the Union as he loves his country. He heard these three speakers the first day, and heard them through. He says they all declared openly that the Union must be dissolved, and the General Government destroyed.

Douglass began. He opened the talk. A cool, calm speaker—in whose purpose there was no concealment—he brooded "like the black storm-cloud over the capes" upon the future. He claimed not to be the mere creature of hope, a destructive with no confidence that his aim could be accomplished: he talked like one who felt that it must be—like one who knew that he should see the Union in fragments, and no Government of the United States.

Douglass was a slave. A man of decided native genius—altogether superior in mind to his master—he awakened that master's envy, and suffered as only a slave can suffer, the tyranny of a meaner mind. And this it is, that has soured him. For he then lived under the protection of that Union, and precious protection it was. Why, then, should he love it: why should he not hate it? There would seem to be some excuse for his doing the latter:—and he does hate it supremely.

That hate seems to be his inspiration. Under its influence he pours forth a perfect torrent of declamatory denunciation; every word of which is bitter as gall, and which every now and then sends an electric thrill coursing through the veins of the mass of astonished hearers.

But Douglass is wrong. His union and fellowship with S. S. Foster is evidence enough of that. Did Douglass seek to convince the freemen of the United States of the wrong done to the slave, and, if not sanctioned, permitted by the Government, he might do the slave some good. It is the American freemen who give character and direction to the Government: and they can be only reached by moral means—by sober argument—by convincing relations of fact. Get them right: let the people be convinced of what ought to be, and it must be: wrongs will then be righted, and the Constitution and Union, and General Government, will be the efficeint means by which to accomplish it. Work with them and by them, and something may be done. But destroy them—introduce anarchy among the States—and there is nothing *he* can then do for the slave.—He is then powerless for good. The free States and the slave States separate, all power over the slave's happiness and rights will be held alone by his master—his owner—uncontrolled in the least by the popular sentiment of the North, which is, and must ever be, Anti-Slavery, and which as long as the North and South are one, must ever tend to the spread of freedom, and the securing of a still wider liberty among mankind.

Now the influence that the North exerts in favour of freedom is a rightful influence—we are only seeking to do what we will with our own: but the Union dissolved, and we are foreigners—busy bodies—meddlers in what does not concern us. Our influence that now is powerful to good, if we will it, will be then a foreign influence—a hostile influence—and as such guarded against, and powerless.

Garrison followed Douglass, and spoke with his usual ability and extravagance.

Then came S. S. Foster. As a matter of course, he made a stir. He commenced on the "Liberty party,"—pronounced it the "meanest" of all the three parties. But that kind of talk is an old story to those who have heard him. For he never fails to abuse those the hardest that hold the nearest to his creed, and yet do n't exactly agree with him.—For such he seems to think the inquisition none too good! *They* are fools, knaves.

When speaking of the slaveholder, he seems to utterly exhaust the vocabulary of abuse: but turn him to the subject of the Liberty party—let him tell its history, and you are astonished to find that though the former—all without exception, that now hold, or ever held, slaves, are nothing else than man-stealers—murderers—adulterers—criminals, all of the deepest dye; yet the latter, *they* are worse still—they are very "imps of darkness."

Foster undertook to carry a point or two with the crowd. He was anxious for a favourable expression upon their scheme of dissolution. He asked first the Liberty party whether they would lift up their hand against a dissolution of the Union. They answered not a word: so much for their past professions on the subject. Evidently they were staggered at the ease with which Douglass and Garrison had pointed out how their principles inevitably tended to that end, and knew not what to say.

He then turned to the Locofocos, as he called them. This time he got an answer. An old farmer of Geauga spoke out at once, saying "of course he would." Foster commenced immediately abusing him and the Locofoco party. He forgot what he had just been saying about the Liberty party. It was the Locofocos that were now the meanest of all. There was no decency among them. They were contemptibly *poor*—the great mass of them, said he, do'nt own a shirt to their back. The last expression—a true type of the littleness of S. S. Foster, called out "some." Said the crowd all around to Foster—"Who gave you your shirt?" Did you get it out here?" Did Abby make it?"—Did *you* buy the cloth?"—Where did you get your money to pay for it with?" "From some contribution, was n't it?"

Foster was shut up bad that day. Most unfortunate for him was it that his "better" half was at home in Massachusetts, nursing her first-born child. When she was with him, he always retreated under cover of her raillery and abuse, and seemed to come off pretty well.

Whether this meeting is but the commencement of a campaign throughout the Reserve, we have yet to learn. *Nous Verrons.*

The Suffolk (Huntington) Democrat may reserve its wrath for the next "emissary." Mr. Burleigh is not going to Europe.

ABOLITIONISM AND TREASON.

The following is taken from an English paper of the 29th of last June:

ANOTHER VISITOR FROM AMERICA.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Charles C. Burleigh, one of the most distinguished anti-slavery advocates in the United States, is expected to arrive in this country next Fall, for the purpose of spending a few months here in representing and enforcing the views of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which body Mr. Garrison is President. A correspondent says, that "Mr. Burleigh is the most powerful anti-slavery speaker, if we except Frederick Douglass, which the United States have raised.

It is not to be wondered at that English authors abuse us and our institutions when we tolerate in our midst a society that periodically sends to England either a black or a white agent to slander and misrepresent both. The negro DOUGLASS after being *feted* and caressed by both sexes of the English aristocracy, came back here to give utterance to the vilest denunciations of our Government and people, and the "American Anti-Slavery Society, of which Mr. GARRISON is President," took him under its fostering care while he retailed the lessons taught him by the enemies of the Union. Mr. CHARLES C. BURLEIGH it seems is jealous of the honours won by his negro friend, and longs for the notoriety and infamous fame of a traitor, and the "American Anti-Slavery Society" is about to send him to England to represent and enforce its views, or in other words, he will be sent to solicit British aid to dissolve the American Union. This is the open and avowed object of the American Anti-Slavery Society. If this be not treason what is it?

From the New London [Conn.] Morning News.

PERFUME OF A BAD QUALITY.

Mr. Lloyd Garrison and his sable coadjutor and *campagnon du voyage*, Frederick Douglass, being on an Anti-Slavery tour to the West, were outrageously treated at one of their meetings at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a short time since; and the *black-skinned* negro chronicles the catastrophe in one of the abolition papers. The mob pelted both peripatetics with fire-crackers, and blew them up with other mischievous pyrotechny, vociferated, "throw out the negro," and in divers other forms evilly entreated them. Douglass, however, seems to dwell with most pathos upon certain unsavory missiles much in vogue among gentlemen in the habit of administering punishment under the Code Lynch.—The scoundrels not only threw eggs at Mr. Douglass and his companion, but the chronicler says they were "unmerchantable eggs," that emitted an effluvium which he calls "Slavery's choice incense;" one of which missiles struck brother Garrison "on the back, sprinkling its essence all over his honoured head."

When certain sons of Belial besprinkled the venerable beard of Sir Hudibras with some of the same sort of incense, he exclaimed, while calmly engaged in wiping it out of his face, "*Foul fall less he who chewed this egg, had a foul breath,*" and Douglass seems to have looked upon the matter pretty much in the same light. They were "unmerchantable eggs!" From which circumstances, and the odor aforesaid, it is to be inferred that the offensive ammunition used on the occasion was what is sometimes called "*rotten eggs*," the perfume of which is not pleasant to some people of fastidious olfactories.

However, the outrage was a wanton and totally unjustifiable one, and we should have felt no disposition to treat it with levity, if Douglass had not himself undertaken to be facetious on the occasion. If *he* laughs at it, we suppose other people may do so.

From the Pennsylvanian

LETTER FROM MR. BUCHANAN ON THE WILMOT PROVISO.

WASHINGTON, 25th August, 1847.

GENTLEMEN:—I have been honoured by the receipt of your kind invitation to unite with the Democracy of Old Berks in their Harvest Home Celebration, to be held at Reading, on Saturday, the 28th instant.—I should esteem it both a pleasure and a privilege to be present on that interesting occasion: it is, therefore, with regret I have to inform you, that my public duties during the present week will render this impossible.

I rejoice to observe that the glorious Democracy of "Old Berks" are buckling on their armour, and preparing for the approaching contest. It is long since any State election has involved such important consequences for the Democracy of the Union, as the approaching election for Governor of Pennsylvania. On its result may probably depend the ascendancy of the Democracy of the Union for years to come. Hence, our Democratic brethren of other States are witnessing the contest with intense anxiety. The field is a fair one; our candidate well-tried, able, and honest; and he has been regularly nominated by the party. Should he be defeated, the attempt will be vain to explain the decision of the ballot-boxes in any other manner than by admitting that the Whigs have the majority. Our candidate for Canal Commissioner is, also, above all reproach, both personally and politically, and is eminently qualified for the duties of that important office. If, under such circumstances, the Democratic Keystone should give way, there is great danger that the arch may tumble into pieces. In this contest, emphatically, he that is not for us is against us. I do not apprehend defeat, unless our wily foe should first lull us into security by making no extraordinary public efforts; and then, at the eleventh hour, quietly steal a march upon us, as they have done in some other States.—Our vigilance ought to be constantly on the alert, until the moment of victory.

The question of Slavery, in one of its ancient aspects, has been recently revived, and threatens to convulse the country. The Democratic party of the Union ought to prepare themselves in time for the approaching storm. Their best security in the hour of danger, is to cling fast to their time-honoured principles. A sacred regard for the Federal Constitution, and for the reserved rights of the States, is the immovable basis on which the party can alone safely rest. This has saved us from the inroads of abolition. Northern Democrats are not expected to approve Slavery in the abstract; but they owe it to themselves, as they value the Union, and all the political blessings which bountifully flow from it, to abide by the compromises of the Constitution, and leave the question, where that instrument has left it, to the States wherein Slavery exists. Our fathers have made this agreement with their brethren of the South: and it is not for the descendants of either party, in the present generation, to cancel this solemn compact. The Abolitionists, by their efforts to annul it, have arrested the natural progress of emancipation, and done great injury to the slaves themselves.

After Louisiana was acquired from France by Mr. Jefferson, and when the State of Missouri, which constituted a part of it, was about to be admitted into the Union, the Missouri question arose, and in its progress, threatened the dissolution of the Union.—This was settled by the men of the last generation, as other important and dangerous questions have been settled, in a spirit of mutual concession. Under the Missouri compromise, Slavery was "forever prohibited" north of 36 deg. 30 min.; and south of this parallel the question was left to be decided by the people. Congress, in the admission of Texas, following in the footsteps of their predecessors, adopted the same rule; and, in my opinion, the harmony of the States, and even the security of the Union itself, require that the line of the Missouri compromise should be extended to any new territory which we may acquire from Mexico.

I should entertain the same opinion, even if it were certain that this would become a serious practical question; but that it never can be thus considered, must be evident to all who have attentively examined the subject.

Neither the soil, the climate, nor the productions of that portion of California south of 36 deg. 30 min. nor indeed of any portion of it, North or South, is adapted to slave labour; and, beside, every facility would be there afforded to the slave to escape from his master. Such property would be utterly insecure in any part of California. It is morally impossible, therefore, that a majority of the emigrants to that portion of the territory south of 36 deg. 30 min. which will be chiefly composed of our fellow-citizens from the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, will ever re-establish Slavery within its limits. In regard to New-Mexico, east of the Rio Grande, the question has been already settled by the admission of Texas into the Union.

Should we acquire territory beyond the Rio Grande, and east of the Rocky Mountains, it is still more improbable that a majority of the people of that region would consent to re-establish Slavery. They are themselves, in a large proportion, a coloured population; and among them the negro does not socially belong to a degraded race.

The question is, therefore, not one of practical importance. Its agitation, however honestly intended, can produce no effect but to alienate the people of different portions of the Union from each other; to excite sectional divisions and jealousies; and to distract and possibly destroy the Democratic party, on the ascendancy of whose principles and measures depends, as I firmly believe, the success of our grand experiment of self-government.

Such have been my individual opinions, openly and freely expressed, ever since the commencement of the present unfortunate agitation; and of all places in the world, I prefer to put them on record before the incorruptible Democracy of Old Berks.—I, therefore, beg leave to offer you the following sentiment:

The Missouri Compromise.—Its adoption in 1826 saved the Union from threatened convulsion. Its extension in 1848 to any new territory which we may acquire, will secure the like happy result.

Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Charles Kessler, Esq. President, and George F. Spayd, and Jacob Livengood, Esqs. Secretaries, &c. &c.

The negro *Douglass*, and his worthy *confreres*, *Garrison* and *Foster*, have been at Pittsburgh, reviling American institutions, and urging a disolution of the Union. They are on their way westward, it is said, to enlighten the people. Those who will listen to a negro preaching politics, or "hold his hat," as *Garrison* and *Foster* do, are fit candidates for Bedlam; yet, there are many persons pretending to decency, who are, in other respects, quite rational, that not only countenance such disgusting exhibitions, but are connected with operations, tending to the same end, though with less frankness. The negro is used by his white *confreres*, and we can pity that Abolition coterie, for its fanaticism has upset its reason; but all who regard the institutions of the land, must feel indignant at the more dangerous and not less treasonable efforts of men of intelligence, to agitate the subject of Slavery, for none other than the most selfish purposes. The time we think, has passed, when men can be deceived by the arts of such demagogues, or fail to visit upon their heads the condemnation due to their treason. — *St. Louis Union.*

ABOLITIONISM.—The Abolitionists lately had a grand jollification in Pittsburg, Pa. at which the notorious Douglass figured quite largely. He spoke with some acrimony of the indifference manifested to the cause in the Northern States, and said could he have calculated upon their co-operation he would have stirred his colored brethren in the free States to insurrection many years ago. It is a little singular that the plan of a wretch for butchering hundreds of their white brethren, is detailed as a simple item of news, without one word of comment, by the Pittsburg paper.—*Richmond Daily Whig.*

ULTRA ABOLITIONISTS.—Garrison and Douglass have left the city for the West, *via* Beaver.

Pittsburg Gazette, August 14.

These fellows will be very sure to keep on the other side of the river during their Western pilgrimage. They are very fond of talking of their anxiety to suffer martyrdom in what they call the cause of liberty, but it is only martyrdom *in the abstract* that they are in love with. They curse slaveholders most terribly, but they are particularly careful to do all their cursing at a safe and respectful distance.—*Louisville Journal.*

Selections.

JAMAICA IN 1847.

The present coloured population of Jamaica is about four hundred thousand—the white residents of the island numbering only about fifty thousand. The coloured population for the most part consists of the slaves who were emancipated by the British act of August, 1838; the remainder—the browns, as they are called—being the offspring of the concubinage which so universally existed previous to emancipation.

Mr. Renshaw explains satisfactorily one or two facts connected with the business of Jamaica, from which inferences have been drawn unfavourable to the change which has taken place in the condition of the working population. There has been a falling off, for instance, of about twenty-five thousand hogsheads of sugar, in the exports from the island. The inference drawn from this fact, that the negroes had grown more indolent under a state of freedom, was not founded in truth. The negroes had now many more wants than when they were in their degraded condition as slaves. They now used sugar themselves largely. Allowing them fifteen pounds a head annually, more than they formerly used, it would more than make good the deficiency in the exports. The decrease in the value of plantation property, too, had been adduced as an argument against the condition of freedom in a pecuniary point of view. This decrease, however, was clearly accounted for by the change in the policy of England in reference to the products of its colonies, from that of protection which amounted to a prohibition, to free trade which gave the sugar of Jamaica no preference in the English market.

Since emancipation, the legislation of the colony had entirely changed, as regards the coloured population. Many of the same gentlemen were still in the Government, it was true, but they were now as kind and considerate towards the negroes, as they once were necessarily cruel. An improved system of prison discipline had been adopted; a lunatic asylum had been established, at an expense of $100,000; abundant provision had been made for enlightened medical attendance upon the labouring people; public schools had been established; a general interest, in fine, was manifested in the welfare of the labouring population, and all public measures looked to the amelioration of their condition.

A great change—and an entirely spontaneous one—had also taken place in the morals and manners of the white population. Prior to emancipation, marriage was virtually prohibited by the customs of society, and concubinage was universal.—Intemperance and other vices generally prevailed. Now public sentiment regarded marriage as honourable; concubinage had to a great extent disappeared; and the principles and practice of temperance were commonly cherished. The prejudice against colour had been almost entirely removed. The brown class, once proscribed, now took a position in society. They were found in all public stations, both in the legislative and judicial branches of the Government. There was in fact no distinction as to complexion, and no bar on that account to the social reciprocities and amenities of life.

The change in the condition of the negroes had been very great—so much so, that it had operated as a hindrance to their advancement. They had so rapidly progressed from a state of absolute servitude and degradation, to that of a comfortable peasantry, that they had imbibed some of the vices of wealth, and were becoming covetous. Although their present condition was only an approximation towards the condition of the free coloured people in the United States, yet in regard to diet, clothing, dwellings, and all the comforts of civilized life, there has been a vast improvement upon the frightful condition—both moral and physical—in which emancipation found them.—*Mr. Renshaw.*

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society was held in New Lyme, Ashtabula county, (Ohio,) on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August, 1847.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Lyman Peck, at ten o'clock, A. M., who gave notice that silence would be observed a few moments, to afford opportunity for any who might apprehend it their duty to open the meeting by religious exercise, to do so.

J. Elizabeth Jones presented the Annual Report of the Executive Committee, which was adopted by the meeting.

The following Committees were appointed:

Nominating Committee.—Samuel Brooke, Benj. S. Jones, Dr. K. G. Thomas, Dr. Richmond, Henry Putnam, Lydia Irish, Harriet N. Torrey.

Business Committee.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Joseph A. Dugdale, Frederick Douglass, S. S. Foster, Maria Giddings, J. W. Walker, J. Elizabeth Jones.

W. L. Garrison addressed the meeting on the rise and progress of the cause in which he had so long been engaged, in a very eloquent and impressive manner.

The choir then sung the following piece written for the occasion:

WELCOME TO GARRISON, DOUGLASS, BUFFUM,* AND FOSTER

Welcome, thrice welcome, friends of the slave,
To our hearts and our homes in the wide-spreading West!
Your spirits are free as the waters that lave
The shores of our Erie, and whiten its breast.

Oh, not as to victors from battle-fields red
With the blood of the slaughtered in hatred cut down,
Where the steed of the foeman has trampled the dead,
And the beautiful earth with destruction is strown;

But as men who are fearlessly battling for Right
With the sword of the Spirit, and breast-plate of Love,
Whose watchwords of Freedom, and Justice, and Light,
Are the watchwords of glorified spirits above.

Then welcome, thrice welcome! Age, manhood, and youth,
All unite in their welcome to heart and to home,
For they honour untiring devotion to truth,
And are friends to the friends of the crushed and the dumb.

We rejoice to have with us the man who has been
The bold pioneer in Humanity's cause,
Who attacked single-handed our national sin,
Entrenched in its stronghold of pulpit and laws.

Right bravely he bore him. With standard unfurled,
He demanded full freedom for body and mind,
His motto "My Country, God's beautiful world—
My countrymen all who belong to mankind."

And our hearts are made glad by the presence of one
Who was chattelized, beaten, and sold in our land,
Who [illegible] ancestors' brow with too heavy a hand.

He can tell of the woes that have gnawed at his heart;
Of the lash that has left its deep scar on his back;
How the tenderest ties are torn rudely apart,
And the soul and the body both doomed to the rack.

And we welcome him too, who with knowledge and zeal.
Piles facts upon facts at Humanity's call,
And is making the cowardly oppressor to feel
'Tis by facts that his system is destined to fall.

And he who returns unto us as a friend
Who has scattered the truth where the field is now white,
Will not doubt of a welcome, but joyfully lend
His labour to gather the Harvest of Right.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, ye friends of the slave,
To our hearts and our homes in the wide-spreading West,
Your spirits are free as the waters that lave
The shores of our Erie and whiten its breast.

Frederick Douglass then came forward and spoke until the time of adjournment, when the choir sung, "Heard ye the mighty rushing," &c.

Afternoon Session.—The President being absent, Lewis Morgan, one of the Vice Presidents, called the meeting to order.

The Nominating Committee reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, all of whom were respectively elected:

President.—William Stedman.

Vice Presidents.—Thos. Donaldson, Lewis Morgan, Simeon Dickinson.

Cor. Sec.—James Barnaby.

Rec. Sec.—Lot Holmes.

Treasurer.—J. Elizabeth Jones.

Executive Com.—Isaac Trescott, K. G. Thomas, Wm. Lightfoot, Laura Barnaby, David L. Galbreath, Eliza Holmes, and T. E. Vickers.

S. S. Foster offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That all persons present, or who may be present during the several sessions of this convention, be invited to participate in the proceedings of this meeting.

The Business Committee presented the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the compromises embodied in the Constitution of the United States in favour of Slavery—and the outrages inflicted on the rights of the people of the North by the slave power of this nation—call for the immediate dissolution of the American Union on the part of the non-slaveholding States, as essential to their innocency, safety, prosperity, and the abolition of the slave system throughout the Republic.

2. Resolved, That a trial of more than half a century has proved that it is impossible for free and slave States to unite under one Government, without all becoming partners in the guilt, and responsible for the sin of Slavery—that we dare not prolong the experiment, and with increasing earnestness we repeat our demand upon every honest man to join in the outcry of the American Anti-Slavery Society, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

The above were discussed by W. L. Garrison, Fred. Douglass, and others in the affirmative. J. R. Giddings took some exceptions, yet said so much in favour of the resolutions, that it was difficult to know where to class him. Pending the discussion the meeting adjourned to 9 o'clock the next morning.

Morning Session.—President called the meeting to order.

Prayer by John Knox.

The discussion of resolutions, 1 & 2, was continued by W. L. Garrison and S. S. Foster at considerable length.

On motion adjourned to half-past 2 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—After the song "God speed the Right," was sung by the choir, J. R. Giddings took the stand in reply to the remarks made by Garrison and Foster, and after a full, free, and interesting discussion, on motion of S. S. Foster the resolutions were laid on the table.

"O will you send me back?" was then sung by the choir.

* When this was written, it was expected that Jas. N. Buffum would accompany the other Eastern friends, but as he did not, the verse referring to him was omitted in the singing. The piece, however, is here published entire by request.

W. L. Garrison, on behalf of the Business Committee offered the following resolutions, which were ably advocated by Frederick Douglass, and adopted:

3. Resolved, That the Anti Slavery which is in word only, is the spirit which says, "Be ye warmed, and be ye fed, and be ye clothed," and yet leaves the perishing and the naked to die without succour.

4. Resolved, That genuine abolitionism is indeed and in truth—as well as in word—ever giving, ever sacrificing, ever devising ways and means for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery enterprise.

Pledges and donations were then taken, to aid the Society in its operations.

Adjourned to 8 o'clock the next morning.

Morning Session.—The meeting assembled according to adjournment, and was addressed by —— Bowles, of Mercer co. O. in a very eloquent and interesting manner, giving conclusive evidence that our coloured brethren of Ohio possess talent which cannot be crushed, notwithstanding the odious and oppressive laws which refuse them an education in the common schools.

Joseph A. Dugdale offered a resolution,* which was laid upon the table.

The Treasurer's report was read, and Wm. Stedman, Lewis Morgan, and Daniel Bonsall, were appointed to audit it.

Wm. L. Garrison made an interesting speech, setting forth the claims of the slave upon Abolitionists—benefits of Repeal—[illegible] &c.

Joseph A. Dugdale offered the following resolution which was carried by acclamation:

Resolved, That during the several sessions of this meeting, we have listened with instruction and interest to our beloved coadjutors, Wm. L. Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and Stephen S. Foster, and now commend them as men of God and eternal Truth in their Christ-like mission for the overthrow of the blood-stained American Union—as well as those anti-reformatory, infidel *sinagogues*, which are monstrous counterfeits of the Gospel of Him who proclaimed the brotherhood of the human race and the release of the captive from thraldom.

The following statement of the pecuniary condition of the Anti-Slavery Bugle was read:

The Bugle has now 1,450 subscribers.

The expenditures above the receipts thus far, have been $1,000 00.

The paper is, therefore, one thousand dollars in debt—six hundred and sixty-one dollars of which has been advanced by Samuel Brooke.

The amount on our books due from subscribers would, if paid, release the paper from all embarrassment.

JAMES BARNABY,
General Agent.

Aug. 17, 1847,

An effort was then made to obtain subscribers in the audience, and 70 were added to its subscription list.

Frederick Douglass then made one of his happiest efforts, showing up the wicked position of the American Church and clergy.

Wm. L. Garrison, on behalf of the Business Committee, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were discussed and adopted:

Whereas, Among the many wicked and powerful devices resorted to by the traffickers in human flesh and their Northern apologists, in order to obstruct the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause, is the circulation of the charge against the uncompromising friends and advocates of the slave, that they are a body of infidels, seeking to destroy the Church of Christ, and to tarnish the character of the Christian ministry; therefore,

5. Resolved, That we warn all those who would not willingly do anything to strengthen the bonds of the slave tyrant, to give no heed to this malignant outcry of that foul spirit which is "full of all deceivableness of unrighteousness;" that, instead of being opposed to the Church or ministry of Christ, we declare that they are on the side of the slave, and against the slaveholder; that we register our testimony against that Church, and that only, which, [illegible] the Church of Christ—the *synagogue* of Satan," by holding slaves, trading in the souls of men, and manufacturing and perpetuating a frightful system of heathenism; that we denounce that ministry, and that only, which obstructs the progress of freedom and humanity, quotes the Bible in defence of man-stealing, enslaves the weak and despised, and attempts to cover with infamy those who are seeking to deliver the oppressed out of the hands of the spoiler.

6. Resolved, That as Abolitionists, we have no controversy with any organization, association, party, sect, or order of men, which does not array itself against the cause of our enslaved fellow-countrymen.

Levi Sutliff then addressed the meeting—endorsed the *moral* movements of this Society, but claimed that it was essential to hold on to the voting process as an instrumentality for the repeal of the obnoxious black laws.

The auditing Committee reported, That they had examined the Treasurer's books and vouchers, and find his report to be correct.

The Business Committee reported the following resolutions, the first of which was passed without dissent. The latter were adopted by a long and universal *aye*.

7. Resolved, That we rejoice in the establishment of a Wholesale Free Produce store in the city of Cincinnati, inasmuch as it affords to those Abolitionists who are conscientiously opposed to the use of slave grown products, an opportunity of acquiring articles raised by freemen, and is furthermore an evidence of the interest which in various ways the people are beginning to manifest in the subject of Slavery.

8. Resolved, That we extend our most cordial invitation to George Thompson, of England, again to visit America, that his mighty voice may be mingled with ours, in order to hasten the overthrow of Slavery in our guilty and misguided land.

9. Resolved, That the President and Secretary be directed to transmit to him the foregoing resolution.

Resolutions on the compromises of the Constitution (1 and 2) were then taken up and adopted.

The Business Committee reported the following resolutions, which were eloquently advocated by Dr. D. J. Peck, of Pittsburg, and adopted:

10. Resolved, That this Society reaffirms its detestation of the infamous black laws of Ohio, regarding them as infinitely more proscriptive and tyrannical than any which George the III. endeavoured to enforce upon the American Colonists, for not only has the State of Ohio exacted from her coloured inhabitants taxation without granting representation, but has robbed them of their proportion of the School Fund assigned them by the United States, refused to recive their testimony against a white man in any case whatever, and loaded them with various other disabilities, all indicative of a deep and cruel prejudice against a coloured skin.

11. Resolved, That if our forefathers were justified in holding up the Government of Great Britain to the scorn and detestation of the world, Ohio is far more worthy of universal condemnation for her greater wrong and outrage toward her own coloured citizens; and inasmuch as either the Whig or Democratic party could erase these laws from the statute books, and have refused to do it, they *prove* that their professed love for the rights of man is but mere pretence, that it is party and not principle which is the bond of their union.

On motion the meeting adjourned *sine die*, after singing "My Country 'tis of thee," &c.

LOT HOLMES,
Recording Secretary.

* This resolution was not handed to the secretary, and cannot therefore appear in the minutes.

The Haverhill Gazette, an excellent paper, and one of the most liberal in the country, thus speaks of the Pioneer in the Anti-Slavery cause:

The Liberator: By WM. LLOYD GARRISON. This paper may very properly be regarded as the *pioneer* in the work of Anti-Slavery (immediate emancipation) in this country. Mr. G. has edited the Liberator from its commencement, upwards of sixteen years since, down to the present time, with an ability, zeal, and industry perfectly heroic. Few men could have borne the persecution he has courageously and successfully withstood, or made a newspaper live under the obloquy and reproach *that* has been called to endure. It had not at its inception, as new comers are apt to now, any "first rate notices" to start it forward; but on the contrary, it has been more thoroughly abused by its cotemporaries than any other journal we are aware of. This has been done in a great degree through mere wantonness, often through ignorance, and not unfrequently from baser motives. But, Spartan-like, the courage of Mr. G. has never faltered—he has never quailed in the least;—a *phalanx* in himself, he has remained at his post, firm and impregnable.

Mr. Garrison's career from early life has been varied and remarkable. When quite young he was set to work at shoemaking, in Lynn, but this occupation did not please him—and he was next apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in this village. While here he was noted for his precocious and singular aptness at making speeches. We are assured that he used occasionally to take his stand on one of our bridges, and proceed to address whoever might be within hearing—whether fish or flesh, or both, depended upon circumstances, and to him, doubtless, was immaterial. He became after a short time dissatisfied here, and one day "took to his heels" and evacuated the place. His master overtook him in Bradford (across the river) and remonstrated with [illegible] unceremoniously. He finally told him that he was on the road to the *devil*,—or, on the road to ruin—(there [illegible] sions of the story) at which the *germinating* editor facetiously remarked that he (his master) was a *passenger* over the very same road!

At the age of thirteen he commenced a third trade at Newburyport, as an apprentice to the printing business, in the Herald office—then conducted by Ephraim W. Allen. Here he found his element, so to speak; and, to the "art preservative of all arts," he doubtless owes, in a great measure, "the elements of *his* greatness"—for he is, essentially, a great man; and we have no doubt that posterity and history will thus speak of and enrol him.

From the Louisville Examiner.

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION! NEW MOVES! EAST TENNESSEE! WESTERN VIRGINIA!

We copy the following short extract of a letter just received from East Tennessee:

"You made last year this suggestion to Mr. * * * *, and the Rev. Mr. * * * *, in reply to the question—what shall, or *can*, we do in East Tennessee, for emancipation, viz: *that each county should have the right, whenever the majority in that county should so determine, to establish freedom therein.* Since then we have debated the subject, and corresponded about it, and we have come to the conclusion that we ought to act upon it, and will do so before long."

The condition of the upland or mountain regions of Virginia, North Carolina, and East Tennessee, is pretty well understood. They are chiefly settled by non-slaveholders. In the early settlement of these States, the planting regions had the preponderance. But the *uplands* have now the numerical strength, and are increasing, while the slave portions are decreasing in power. Very soon, therefore, they will break the thrall with which unjust apportionments have kept, and still keep, them down, and obtain ascendancy in the legislative councils of these States.

Acting under this belief, we urged certain friends of ours in East Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and Western Virginia, to agitate and urge this view—that new Constitutions, as they are made, should provide, *that any county may become free from Slavery, whenever a majority of the legal voters should so determine, and that thereafter there should be, except for crime, no involuntary servitude in said county.*

The justness of this principle cannot be disputed. If Eastern Virginia thrives under a system which ruins Western Virginia, why should Western North Carolina is crushed by Slavery, while Eastern North Carolina flourishes under it, why should the latter force the former to sustain it? If Western and Middle Tennessee have a majority of slaveholders, why should they *thrall* the non-slaveholders of Eastern Tennessee with a policy which ruins or injures them? There is no reason in this—no justice.

In the upland counties of these States, Slavery is nominal merely. Take for example—

Western North Carolina

	Slaves.	Total Population.
Aspe,	470	7,467
Cherokee,	199	3.427
Haywood,	303	4 975
Henderson,	466	5,129
Lincoln,	2,711	25 960
Burke,	3,169	15,799

Western Virginia.

	Slaves.	Total Population.
Brooke,	54	7.948
Marshall,	46	6 937
Ohio,	231	13 357
Lewis,	122	8 151
Nicholas,	71	2 233
Greenbrier,	1,314	8,695

Eastern Tennessee.

	Slaves.	Total Population.
Marion,	380	6 070
Monroe,	312	12 056
Jefferson,	675	12,076
Greene,	509	16 076
Blount,	883	11,745
Granger,	1,095	10,552

Now, in making these selections, we have taken, what we regard, as a fair representation of the upland country of these States. Some contain more slaves, some less. But the *proportion* of white and black is fairly set forth. How largely non-slaveholders preponderate! And what is there to prevent them from saying to the Legislature, "We mean to disturb no man's rights, nor interfere with any other section, but we want a just representative principle, and the right to say when this evil of Slavery shall cease in our own county by the only fair rule—a *majority vote.* Legislatures give the right to temperance men. It is a fundamental one, and in case of wrongs, of actual oppression, social and political, we claim it as a right which we ought to have, and which you should grant." A clearer case of justice could not be made out—no people should hesitate in demanding such a right—no Legislature think of refusing it.

And we are glad that our friends in Eastern Tennessee intend agitating this question! Let them go about it in earnest! Let the valley of the Nolly Chucky, and the mountain regions of the Houlston, be canvassed! They will find a hearty response, if they act resolutely, from Shoun's cross-roads, down to Knoxville, and all across the hill lands, West, from the people, whenever they are made to *know* what is wanted, and the *principle* on which the proposed action is to be based.

For the encouragement of these friends, we can say *distinctly*, that Western Virginia will move on this subject within a very short period: we think *in less than three months.* This part of the Old Commonwealth has felt so keenly her wrongs, that it almost resolved upon seeking a division of the State; many of her best citizens declared that *this must be.* But the ground we urged years ago, and which we pressed upon our friends in the States named, in 1846, will be adopted, and Western Virginia will ask the Legislature *that she be allowed, by law, to get rid of Slavery, and many of her leading men intend, at once, agitating this subject, so as to prepare the people for the step in* 1850. They will, at the East, do as the East please, Western Virginians mean neither to interfere with the rights of slaveholders there, nor to seek to change the existing system; *but they will demand that the West shall have liberty to act, in this matter, as the West may deem fit.* This is determined upon.

And who shall stop the ball when thus set in motion? It will roll on and on, and start Eastern Tennessee, and Western North Carolina into action, and make the mountains echo and re-echo with the shout of freedom. The South will redeem herself. There is strength in her yet, and hope too; a bright prospect

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

ahead, even if it require hard work and rough fare, and no gentle usage, ere we reach the promised land—our Pisgah height—from which we shall see the clear sunshine, and feel the freshening breeze, which are to warm, gladden, invigorate, and stir us up with all the quickening pulses of a new and full vitality.

Communications.

Letter from Dr. Hudson.

FRANKLIN, August 28, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND GAY:—Doubtless you will be glad to know something of the spirit abroad among the hills and valleys of Cattskill, in Greene and Delaware counties.—If it were possible to give a cheering report, I would most joyfully do so. Nothing would more inspire and enlarge my soul with love and gratitude, than to be able to report as lovely, beautiful, sublime, and Godlike a state of this portion of the moral world, as might be made of the physical. How lovely and noble this earth would be, if man were everywhere free, to stand forth erect, and to walk into it breathing God's free air; everywhere respected, and protected with the arm of love; and the hills and valleys were made vocal with the songs and praises of man, beasts, and birds? On the contrary, what a wreck of society we everywhere find! Man, enslaved, oppressed, hating, and hated; the beasts shrinking back into their lair, and the birds with swift wing fly away at his approach.

The selfish, bloody, and man-destroying foot-prints of Slavery, have everywhere preceded us among these mountain fastnesses, and pleasant valleys. The foul spirit of Slavery we have to encounter at every step we attempt to proceed. In public and private houses, in Church and State, among ecclesiastics, and politicians, in synagogues, Sunday schools, and common district [illegible] when we go out, and when we come in, we have to meet this foe of human kind.

After crossing the Hudson, and planting my feet on its western bank, I proceeded to Cairo. Here I called on several individuals, who "once had a name to live," but were dead. They had organized an Anti-Slavery Society, bought a library, and for a time "run well." What hindered them? Priests, sects, political demagogues, and parties! The sacrifice was too great for truth and humanity.

Dr. Cox like, they turned back, like the sow to her wallowing, and the dog to his vomit,—apostatized! Of all men, deliver me from apostates, their last state is worse than the first.

At Freehold, I was directed to a "Christian" minister from New-York, then residing in that place for a season, to whom I directed my course with a hasty step, inferring from the recent discussion and resolutions, passed by that order, I should find a friend in need. But to my great surprise and chagrin, I found a dandyish, soap-locked fellow, overflowing full of priestly hate toward Anti-Slavery, and a spirit of complacency toward Slavery, which was manifested as follows: "I'm as much opposed to Slavery as any man,—but—have no sympathy with the Garrisonian, or Liberty party Abolitionists, who denounce the slaveholders, representing them to be worse than adulterers, robbers, and murderers.—The place to preach Anti-Slavery was at the South, and the way was to go and treat them as men, and brethren, not go around picking up some isolated case of cruelty in the South, and hold that forth as characteristic of the system in general. If any one should go through New-York, selecting here and there a case of pauperism and cruelty, and go forth through the State, to make out that the people generally were cruel and oppressive, he would be one to kick him out. He did not claim to represent the 'Christian' denomination; for *he was ashamed* of its proceedings at its recent association in Massachusetts, in the resolutions it passed on Slavery and war.—Yes, I'm heartily ashamed of the speeches and resolutions of my brethren there; they reminded me more of the old Hartford Conventionists than anything else. They actually went farther in their denunciations than Angel Michael, for he would not bring a railing accusation against the Devil." These were the words of Elder Fellows, from New-York city. Let his brethren remember him [illegible] ed to a Baptist minister, who, to get rid of me, tried to hide himself under his religion; then under the plea, we had nothing to do with Slavery; then of politics; and finally attempted to soar out of my reach; "that Christ's kingdom was not of this world," and His Church had nothing to do; but when he found his wings would not serve him, he turned me over to his trustees, like the Presbyterian minister in Cairo, who shut their doors upon me, in the face of humanity. In Durham, I found a resting-place for my weary spirit; before this I could say like him of old,—the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the friend of the slave hath not where to lay his head. Here we found a minister, and a little handful of friends who were trying to do something for the slave, though still connected with "the bulwark of Slavery," and unwittingly (they said) labouring to support a slaveholding compact and Union.

Here I held three meetings, with some happy effect I have reason to believe. Brother Lewis Hayden gladdened my heart by his arrival, as a travelling companion and co-labourer the last evening.

Here we had a Connecticut *schoolmaster*, from Plainfield, the atmosphere of Canterbury, which he had copiously inhaled, who is on the road to the priesthood, to join issue with us, on Slavery, measures, Constitution, &c. He was a little priest in embryo, with long face, groans, and despotism; talked much like a school-boy about logic and argument, but showed himself wofully lacking in both; and by his appeals to patriotism, he gathered quite a little mob about him, who pelted us with their senseless arguments. There are some pretty good friends here, among whom we scattered the unadulterated seed of Anti-Slavery, which if I err not, will bring forth good fruit.—In Big Hollow, we had a very pleasant little gathering. At Osbornville, the Domine, a rank Colonizationist, had entered into a compromise with his people, to keep out the "exciting question," that he would refrain from advocating Colonization, if they would keep "their doors shut against receiving the poor into their houses." We found the doors all effectually closed against us. At Scienceville, the minister, by the name of Howland, acted more like an honest man; though holding on to his pro-slavery ecclesiastical relations, and wincing under our *faithful wounds*, still he honourably yielded to us the use of his meeting-house First Day afternoon and evening, when we cried aloud, and spared not, to show the people their transgressions, and the Church her sins; here we held several meetings, and left the place in a state of healthful agitation, we trust.

At Lexington, we found a few professed friends of the slave, who were in one of the most pro-slavery churches in this region. Liberty party like, they were afraid that if a meeting were appointed, they would get mobbed, as they always had been, and on the other hand, we should disturb their peace in their pro-slavery Zion. Their minister had recently been to the South, to attend the General Assembly at Richmond, and had come back baptized afresh in the blood of Slavery. We found no stopping-place here. They had recently had a revival of religion, and some fifty added to their slaveholding Church. We were told by a deacon of this Church, that a new catechism had been introduced into their Sabbath School Library, published, if I mistake not, by the American Sabbath School Union, a portion of which he related to us substantially as follows:

QUESTION. Children, who was Onesimus?
ANSWER. Philemon's slave.
QUES. What did he do?
ANS. He stole, and then run away.
QUES. Was Onesimus a good slave?
ANS. No: he was a bad slave.
QUES. What did St. Paul with Onesimus?
ANS. Sent him back to Philemon.
QUES. What are slaves that run away?
ANS. Disobedient and wicked.
QUES. What Did St. Paul tell them they should do?
ANS. "Be obedient unto their masters."

Incredible as this may appear to some, still why should it be thought at all incredible, when such great and leading teachers of theology as Stuart, Fisk, Hodge, Taylor, Tyler, et id omne genus, are continually feeding those who enter the schools of these false prophets with such vile food, thereby preparing them to go forth to administer the same food to parents, guardians, Sunday school teachers, and scholars? The effects of such teachers and teachings, we everywhere are compelled to see, hear, and feel. Rank diabolism! it taints the whole nation. More anon.

Thine, truly, for God and Liberty,
E. D. HUDSON.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1847.

Wholesale Annexation.

The New-York Sun, after quoting a portion of our article in last week's paper in relation to its plan for the wholesale annexation of Mexico, and the second of the National Era to the same purpose, says:

The National Era, the "Liberty party organ at Washington," may have jumped beyond its cotemporaries of the Standard's stamp in following the lead of the *New York Sun*, but it has not transcended the echo which the leading papers of the Union, party and neutral, have given to our original proposition. Four months ago we pronounced in advance of any other source the occupation of Mexico as the only feasible and safe course for the United States to pursue. We urged it as a guaranty for debt and the costs of war; by all the interests of extended trade; a communication with the Pacific and a control of the commerce of India and Asia, which we saw and now see lying locked up in a country which nature has marked as [illegible] part of the North American Republic. We also urged it as politic and necessary, to thwart the designs of European Monarchy to plant itself there, a thorn and perpetual curse upon our side, which it will do the moment we leave an opening. And we urged it too in the name of humanity, as the only way in which the Mexican people could be lifted up to a state of liberty, peace, and prosperity. The Press has rallied around us until the voice of the people is become almost unanimous in favor of occupation. We have advocated this measure from our deep convictions of its absolute necessity and not as the organ of any party or clique. We recognize no North, South, East nor West in questions involving the welfare of the country. We have battled for the good of the people and for the honour of the Union, whenever either could be advanced or was in danger.—Sectionality and faction serving belong to such papers as the *Standard*, and if the "Northern Liberty party" are Americans and patriots, they will say *Amen*, to the "proposition of the Sun and its ally the Era"—or rather its thousand allies of the American Press.

Now we should like to have a plain answer from the Sun to one or two plain questions.

Do you advocate the annexation of Mexico to this nation in the hope, or in the expectation, that the Mexican States will come into the Union as free States?

In view of the present relation of the different sections of this Confederacy, and the original object in the conquest of a portion of Mexico, do you believe that the South would submit to the introduction of free States enough to add thirty-eight Senators, and eighty Representatives to Congress, and yet remain in the Union?

When the Sun answers these questions, it will be time enough to talk about "sectionality, and faction-serving." We can then better judge also of the character of that humanity which is to lift the people of Mexico up to such a sublimated state of "liberty, peace, and prosperity."

The humane spirit, and enlarged views of the Sun, however, are not limited to Mexico. It has been recently advocating the annexation, by purchase, of Cuba also. It is by no means improbable that an effort to that end will be made by the party in power in the ensuing session of Congress, and on ostensibly the same ground as that avowed by the Sun, as one of its motives for advocating the annexation of Mexico—"to thwart the designs of European Monarchy." Spain is a creditor of Great Britain; and Lord George Bentinck has recently written a letter to the Spanish bond-holders in London, in which he points to the possession of Cuba as a convenient means of offsetting the debt of the mother-country. As the invasion of Mexico was justified by Mr. Polk in his [illegible] Government to ours, the United States ought not, in consistency, to complain if Great Britain adopts the republican method of enforcing payment. The United States, however, will not stand calmly by, and see the fertile and populous island of Cuba pass into the hands of a nation which will not suffer the existence of chattel Slavery in all its dominions. Our slaveholding Government will not brook another example of Emancipation so near the coast of its own slave States if it can help it. If any concession should be made to the Wilmot Proviso men, it will probably be with the provision that its operation shall be limited to States already free. A new "compromise" may be made on this ground, and the way thus opened for the admission of Cuba, dragging after her the heavy chains of her slaves. The United States has once already prevented the abolition of Slavery in that Island, and she can do it again, if occasion demands it, and at the same time secure to it the permanency of that blessing.

But the Sun would cut the Gordian knot, in its wisdom, which diplomacy would hope to untie. It would purchase Cuba, as it would annex Mexico, and doubtless for the same reasons. It would make no compromise with Wilmot Proviso men. The better way is to grant them all they ask, and then cheat them. It is easily done. The South has played the game with the North ever since the Constitution was adopted, and will as long as it, or Slavery exists. Here is the Sun's plan, and in the light of it we may read something of the motives which prompt this new scheme of wholesale Mexican annexation. In a recent article it says:

"A territory may be non-slaveholding while a territory, and (expressly to foil such agitators as the Wilmot proviso men,) present Congress a non-slavery State Constitution. Once admitted as a State, however, what power can forbid her to change her Constitution, and become a slave State? Suppose our own Empire State were disposed to return to her original condition, and become a slave State, who shall say to her nay? Has the Federal Government the right to send an armed force here to free slaves, in case New-York choose to allow Slavery within her borders? *Could* Congress dismiss her from the family of States for such lapse? The sovereignty of the States has or has not a real existence. If it exists, it may and must settle for itself the purely domestic question of Slavery, and Mr. Wilmot's proviso is but a useless mischief. If State sovereignty has other limits than those clearly expressed in the Constitution—if Congress has a right to search out and impose new bonds at its own arbitrary pleasure, we shall think the dissolution of the Union a probable event. The Southern States will never submit to a despotic power undreamed of by the framers of the Federal compact. But all this Anti-Slavery territory agitation is the work of fools and fanatics; and the party that makes the most noise and capital of it will be the most certain to be defeated. They have no firm holding ground anywhere, and are certain to encounter the organized hostility of all the Southern States."

We wish the Era joy of its new companionship.—We trust it will enlighten its readers as to its plan of cheating the slave-power, as effectually as its leader does as to how it proposes to "head" the advocates of the Wilmot proviso.

Popularity of the Era.

We have not been surprised at the popularity of the Liberty party organ at Washington, as it seemed a natural result of the course which that paper has seen fit to adopt; but we find a proof of it in one of our exchanges, which, we confess, is more than we looked for. We are forced by it to conclude that if the Era is looked upon by the people of the District as an Anti-Slavery paper, they are either the most forbearing, or the most thoroughly anti-slavery people in the country; or, if this be not the fact, then that the editor of that paper is not deemed by them to be an Abolitionist. We do not believe the first, and we think that the estimate that the people of Georgetown and Washington put upon the editor of the Era may be relied upon as perfectly just. *They* would be very sure to know it, if he exercised among them any Anti-Slavery influence, and would be as certain to esteem him accordingly.

At a public dinner given by the Faculty of the Catholic College at Georgetown, at which, it is said, the most distinguished citizens of Georgetown and Washington were present, the following was among the toasts:

"The Editor of the National Era,—The *motive power* of the great Washington Mass Meeting for the relief of Ireland,—the last but not least great work of America. It was indeed an 'Era' for Ireland."

Now we have no sort of objection to the drinking of any number of toasts to the editor of the Era, in bumpers, and with three times three, by his slaveholding neighbours—except that being a teetotallar, we think all such bacchanalian orgies very wrong, and very foolish—but we shall continue to *toast* after our fashion, the paper that the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society sets up at Washington, under pretence of Anti-Slavery, and inveigles some ten or twelve thousand honest Abolitionists into its support, that receives such commendation. If the Era presented to the South the anti-slavery side of the Northern face, it could never be thus popular among the people of Georgetown and Washington. We doubt if a faithful watchman at that post would be tolerated a moment; and we are sure that he would be hated and despised. It is folly to say that it is because of the wisdom with which the editor of the Era handles this subject that he is thus esteemed. It is because he does not handle it at all, except in a way that is entirely acceptable to slaveholders, who ave no thought of being anything else. Who for a moment believes that a toast would be drunk in Boston to Francis Jackson, for his services in sending funds to Ireland? We have no doubt that the has been instrumental in sending more, as the contributions of Abolitionists, than the whole District of Columbia put together. Yet Francis Jackson is a man of great mildness of character; he never does or says harsh things; he is proverbial for his strict integrity; he is revered by his friends, and respected by everybody; a man of weight on 'Change; a good neighbour; ever forward in all good works, and one of the marked men who are always looked to to be; in short, one of the most respectable, most honoured, and most benevolent men of Boston. And why would no such compliment be paid him at a public dinner, however much he might deserve it? Need we say, because, even in Boston where anti-slavery is less obnoxious than inany other city in the Union, a man who is an Abolitionist is necessarily unpopular.

Surely there must be a radical difference between that Anti-Slavery which does not stand in the way of a toast to the owner of it from slaveholders, in the District of Columbia, and that which is pelted with stones and rotten eggs in the free States. We think it worth our while to warn the people against the spurious kind. It is putting new obstacles in the way of the Anti-Slavery cause.

Anti-Slavery in Europe.

We find, in the Protestant, a letter from Paris which gives some interesting intelligence of the progress of the principles of freedom, among those "crumbling monarchies of the old world," which are the never-failing theme of indignant declamation among the red-hot Democrats of this model republic.

The writer states that in the debate in the French Chambers, on the bills of M. Guizot,—some account of which we published in the Standard some time since—many of the speakers declared themselves in favour of complete emancipation; and that the bills, which aimed only at some mitigation of the condition of the slaves in the Colonies, and to secure greater impartiality in giving judgment in law between slaves and free persons, were accepted with the avowed intention of still farther proceedings at some future time. He adds:

People, for a good while, have been busy on all hands preparing abolitionist petitions for next session. Many members of the Roman Catholic clergy take a strong interest in the matter, and some have even brought it into the pulpit. They hope to obtain thousands of signatures among the priests, and to find a still greater number among the members of their communion. If the signatures which, this year, were above eleven thousand, could next session be reckoned by hundreds of thousands, the cause of the blacks would be very nearly won. The Government itself, in order to enter into this measure, expects the initiative to be taken by the country. In this it is faithful to the laws of constitutional States. ment will fall in with it, we believe, not only without reluctance, but even with avidity; for the emancipation of the slaves would at once be the consummation of a great moral obligation, and of the honour of the Cabinet which should propose it. Independently of the institutions already existing for the abolition of Slavery at Paris, there is a Protestant *Board of Correspondence*, the object of which is to collect all desirable information auxiliary to the promotion of this good cause. Professor de Felice, author of the pamphlet on abolition, of which I spoke to you last year, continues to set apart, for the same object, a considerable portion of his time and strength; and certainly the fine talents with which the Lord has enriched him, could not be more nobly employed.

A work commenced and carried on by the Church will be brought to a speedy termination. For this reason, if for no other, the abolition of Slavery will take place in the French Colonies before it does in this country. The writer, it will be seen in the following paragraph, is disposed to make out a case against Catholicism on the supposition that the Protestant countries of Europe will have emancipated their slaves, while the Catholic countries will have still remained slaveholding. But he forgets the still more striking fact that Protestant and Republican America, where Catholicism exercises no influence upon public affairs, not only remains, excepting one, the largest slaveholding nation on the globe, but is at this moment invading a neighbouring Catholic State for the avowed purpose of re-establishing chattel Slavery where it has been once abolished.

He thus speaks of the progress of Anti-Slavery in Sweden and Denmark:

For the rest, France is receiving, or is about to receive, the example of second rate powers, to which it is desirable that she had set it. The King of Sweden, in concert with the States, has just decided on the emancipation of the blacks, in the Island of St. Bartholomew, the only possession belonging to Sweden in the West Indies. This Prince had previously announced, in 1844, the generous design which now he renders effective. The Legislature has placed at the disposal of Government, 50,000 francs ($9,375) annually, for the redemption of the five hundred and thirty-one slaves that are in St. Bartholomew.

It is known that Denmark is on the point of entering on the same course; Holland likewise. "We know *personally*," says the editor of the *French Abolitionist*, in his last number, "that in Holland they are preparing for emancipation with as much Governmental activity as ability." On this subject, there is one consideration which impresses me: If Denmark and Holland soon unite on this question, with England and Sweden, all the Protestant countries of Europe will have freed their slaves, while the *Roman Catholic* countries, (France, Spain, and Portugal) will have kept theirs.

He closes with a more particular account than we have heretofore seen of the movement for emancipation among the Bohemians:

The Greek Church unites with the Protestant Church, to excite to jealousy that of Rome. They write from Bukarest, under date of February 25, that the General Assembly of Wallachia, in its session of the 23d, adopted a bill of great importance, and according to which, fourteen thousand families, more than sixty thousand Bohemians, the property of the State, of the regular and secular clergy, and of all public establishments, are set free. This very extensive act of philanthropy does the highest honour to the Hospodar, Prince Bibesco, who took the initiative of it, and to the General Assembly of the province, who unanimously voted for it. After a discussion, in the course of which the noblest sentiments were expressed in favour of the emancipation of the inferior classes, on whom weighed the yoke of servitude, the Metropolitan, the head of the Church, notwithstanding the opposition which this bill encountered among the clergy, was the first to give his vote, while he made an address to the assembled boyars, to engage them to follow his example. There still remain, indeed, ten thousand families, about forty-eight thousand individuals, belonging to private persons, in the state of servitude.

The other articles of the bill adopted by the General Assembly, provide that the emancipated Bohemians shall only pay a personal tax of thirty-three piastres, ($2.25) which will be deposited in a separate treasury, and appropriated solely to the redemption of the Bohemian serfs belonging to private persons.

Next day, Prince Bibesco, the Hospodar, sanctioned the bill, and addressed a rescript to the General Assembly, expressing his satisfaction. He thanked the Metropolitan and the members of the Assembly, for having voted a law, which, said he, "the spirit of the age, and the progress of civilization, have long demanded. This session," added he, "will form an era in the annals of Wallachian history." * * * * * * *

In the Journal of Commerce of a day or two since, we observe a paragraph confirming the assertion of the editor of the French Abolitionist, quoted by the correspondent of the Protestant. Though the Day of Jubilee for the slaves of the Danish West India Islands is postponed for twelve years, yet every friend of freedom will rejoice that the day is appointed. It is, however, by no means improbable that long before that time comes, the planters will proclaim emancipation of their own accord. If moved to do so by nothing but their own interest, that alone may compel them to choose between a free and contented peasantry, and discontented slaves awaiting anxiously the day of their enfranchisement. We quote the paragraph from the Journal of Commerce:

IMPORTANT ABOLITION MOVEMENT.—Letters received here by the Caledonia from unquestionable sources, announce that on the 28th of July last, the King of Denmark issued a decree declaring that all persons who should thereafter be born in his dominions, should be BORN FREE; and that all persons in servitude in his dominions on the 28th of July last, and remaining so on the 28th of July, 1859, shall then be absolutely free, without compensation to the owners.

In the negotiation with the colonists which preceded the issuing of this decree, he offered them the alternative of three years with a compensation of $60 per head for each slave, or twelve years without any compensation, and they chose the latter.

Denmark has three small islands in the West Indies, viz: St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. Johns. St. Croix contains about thirty thousand slaves. St. Thomas and St. John about five thousand more.

Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia.

The reader will not need to have his attention called to the article in another column from the Louisville Examiner. The Examiner, we are sure, must be exercising a strong influence among the non-slaveholders of the South. The appeals to them in almost every number, are such as to convince their understanding; and at the same time, the moral sense of both slaveholders and non-slaveholders is never lost sight of by the editors as the motive-power of action. We should rejoice to be assured that this paper is receiving efficient support from the North. It is, we believe, the most important and most efficient instrumentality now acting directly upon the minds of the Southern people.

The Next Presidency—Nomination of Henry Clay.

Mr Clay, we have no doubt, will be the candidate of the Whigs for the Presidency at the ensuing election. The New-York Tribune—the best wrist we know of to lay a finger on for a knowledge of the state of popular feeling—came out a few days since with an article, pointing its party very clearly to Ashland again for a leader. We have no conjecture to hazard as to what bush the other party will beat up, to start some uncurried scrub to run against the old favourite, but there need be no fear of their being at a loss. If Mr. Clay would emancipate his slaves, and declare himself in favour of the Wilmot Proviso, *and say nothing else*, we have no doubt he would be the next President. But as he will not probably think our opinion worth his minding, we doubt his election. General Taylor has lost his chance by talking. A candidate for the Chief Magistracy should possess neither of the natural gifts of reading and writing. John P. Hale will, very likely, be the candidate of the voting Abolitionists: we do not mean the Liberty party, for that, like the Princess of Hungermunger, in the play, is "defunct and dead," and nobody can say it without laughing; nor the Liberty League, for that is the abortion of a monster, that has not, and never will have, healthy life enough to hope to leave its cradle—but the voters of all parties who will not support slaveholders, or parties pledged to the slave power. As a looker on, we expect to see some strange things within the next two years.

TAYING IT ON.—Mr. Quincy in the Liberator, in reply to some suggestion of a correspondent, says that he "never fights with scavengers," whereupon Mr. Elizur [illegible] Quincy is calling him names! There is nothing like a proper appreciation of one's own merits.

To Correspondents.

S. B. We are not sure that we can do anything. We have not yet found the first hour to devote to it.

F. D. He has been out of town since your letter was received, but it shall be attended to, the moment he returns.

C. N. We are obliged to him for his valuable communication, but are obliged to defer it a week for want of room.

B. D. W. will have received another letter which acquits us more fully of any blame in the matter. If he will comply with our request, he may be sure of being relieved of any difficulty on that score in future.

A correspondent (R.) sends us a communication commenting upon the Inquirer letter of Dr. Dewey, which we omit for want of room, and because all that he says has been anticipated in the two articles which have already appeared, in reply to Dr. Dewey, in the Standard. It brings us intelligence, however, of a movement, which we have not heard of from any other source. We give the paragraph, with the comment of our correspondent:

"There is a move being made by some persons in Washington, (D. C.) to get an Anti-Slavery Congregational Church under way in that city. This is really encouraging. But where is the minister to come from? For according to Dr. Dewey, they will not be able to get any respectable man to preach for them. In case they cannot, then the people must preach for themselves, and put the salaries they have been heretofore paying for the minister's divine service, into humanity's service; and I have no doubt quite as much good will be done in that case. As soon as the ministers see the loaves and fishes going another way, they will *rally* if for nothing else but to save them."

D. R. He shall be supplied at the first opportunity.

J. C. H. We are obliged to him for the suggestion.

An esteemed correspondent at Goshen, in connection with the following facts, suggests that lecturers be sent there. We commend the suggestion to the consideration of the General Agent for this State. The Eastern counties have always been neglected. Our correspondent says:

"This is my first visit here, and I had not been here six hours before I saw two fights among the coloured people: the first between two men, and the second between a mother and daughter, and both in the most public place. The white people looked on and amused themselves. I spoke my mind to them very freely saying that I thought they were more to blame than the coloured people; in the first place, on account of their prejudice, and not educating them; and in the second for countenancing them in their wickedness."

W. E. B. The suggestion is a good one, and shall have proper consideration.

Notes on New Books.

The Organization of Labour and Association. By Math. Briancourt. Translated by Francis George Shaw.—New-York: Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

This little book is written in a very attractive style, and in a narrative form, though really without a story. The destruction of a village by fire gives occasion for conversations, and speeches in town-meeting, and lectures to the people, in which, first, Anarchical Labour is pointed out as clearly the cause of the suffering, and social evils, everywhere existent; secondly, the advantages of Organized Industry are set forth in the most attractive form as the cure of all these evils; and lastly the proposition that man is created for Association is argued at length, and with great ingenuity, to complete the plan of social re-organization, and the true destiny of man.

We hope this work may have a wide circulation. The Associationists could not make a better use of their funds, than to scatter it everywhere among the people. As a common-sense and practical view of the subject of the Organization of Labour, it cannot fail to commend to all unprejudiced minds a careful consideration of some practicable method of social reform. It may seem paradoxical, but it is certainly true, that society suffers under the crushing weight of evils which it does not recognize, because the possibility of a better social organization is not thought of. It recognizes, however, the consequences of those evils in a thousand ways. Briancourt traces these consequences to their causes, and proposes a remedy.

We are not, that we know of, a Fourierite, as we have not yet found time for the forty years' study, which Mr. Brisbane says is necessary for the comprehension of that philosophy.

But of the necessity of social reform, and a better Organization of Labour, and of the wisdom of Association, as in a thousand ways meeting this necessity, we do not need to be convinced. If we did, this book would, we think, make a convert of us. The subject is presented in such a way, as would, one would suppose, carry conviction, and disarm prejudice, in the minds of the most inveterate advocates of the present system of society. We trust the book may lead to experiments among neighbours, and on limited scales, which will be, we think, the natural growth of Association.

Christian Examiner for September. Wm. Crosby, Boston: Francis & Co.: New York.

The times are so full of signs and omens, to be read of all men, that we can hardly note them all as they pass. The September number of the Examiner is a most cheering one. We never cease rejoicing at the changed, and even improving tone of the political press, and the still higher and higher positions to which political parties are climbing, on the subject of Slavery. But still more reason have we for rejoicing when the religious press proclaims, in clear and unhesitating tones, the duty of men to their lowly brethren in bonds.

The Examiner contains an article, entitled the "Moral Wrong of Slavery," under the initial letters of Charles Francis Adams, and written doubtless by him. It advocates with unanswerable arguments, the doctrine so long taught by Abolitionists, that Slavery is a sin, and is to be treated as such by the Church. No more radical position has ever been taken by us than that here defended in the pages of one of the most influential Reviews in the country, and the representative of the best minds among the Unitarians—clergy and laity—of New England. We record the fact as a most striking proof of the growth of Anti Slavery truth. Mr. Adams, rightly as we think, and have always contended, considers what is called the religious question, as of the most consequence in the advocacy of the cause of emancipation. And, he says: "However doubtful the question (of Slavery) may be, when considered solely in its social and political aspects, it would seem as if there could be among persons professing the smallest regard for religion but one opinion as to the course which should be taken in the field of morals, and the monstrous responsibility resulting from a refusal to pursue it." In reference to the well known declaration of Mr. Barnes, he says: "It will not do to avert our eyes from the issue which is now distinctly presented to us by a part of the Church itself. Is the holding of slaves an offence against right? If we decide in the affirmative, then are we bound to do the very thing which Mr. Barnes has pointed out as releasing us from all further participation in the guilt. To stand still is impossible. For it must be obvious that to say that the Church sanctions and upholds wrong, knowing it to be such, is a charge most fatal to its usefulness. To say it justly is to seal the condemnation of its ministers." And he adds as the unquestionable result of the carrying out of those principles: "If it could once be proved to the satisfaction of the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and Christian women who may be found thickly spread over the region of the slaveholding States, that they are guilty of a moral wrong in continuing to hold human beings in a state of bondage one hour longer than they can release themselves from it, we are well convinced that no human power is strong enough to put off the day of emancipation." This, as we take it, is *Come-outerism* in its most offensive form,—the anti Churchism which has been so long flung at the American Anti Slavery Society as its worst sin. Mr. Adams has struck a good blow for the cause, and so long as he deals such we will not stop to question the propriety of the application of the term Christian to slaveholders, or to quarrel with his philosophy of exposing the sin without denouncing the sinners. We are sure he will do the one, if he faithfully does the other.

We notice among other good articles, a beautiful tribute to the late Dr. Peabody, of Springfield, by the Rev. John Weiss; a sketch of the life of John Calvin; a favourable notice of Mr. Prescott's Conquest of Peru; and a somewhat amusing controversy between Dr. Noyes and a Reviewer,—the Rev. Mr. Fosdick—in which the critic with most admirable good breeding assures the author that he means to do no such thing, while he proves him to have been guilty of literary plagiarism.

The Farmer's Library and Journal for September.—"The Book of the Farm" still occupies that portion of this excellent work called the Library; Cows, Calving, and Calves, Ploughing, Sewing, Spring Wheat, and Grass Seed, with some general directions for spring work are its contents. The Monthly Journal is, as usual, full of interest and value. Much of it is devoted to a Journal at the South, which, without any such intention on the part of the author, exposes the want of thrift, intelligence, and good husbandry, in a land blessed beyond most others with natural advantages, but blighted by the curse of Slavery. We were struck with one instance of it, mentioned by the journalist. He visited the town of New Market, in Virginia, a beautifully situated village, in a valley surrounded by mountains. The town consists of a quarter of a mile of thickly set two story houses on each side of a dusty turnpike, but without a tree in it. On inquiring the cause of this painful want of shade, the traveller was told that planting trees was interdicted by law for fear, in case of fire, that the trees might catch and spread the flame! We venture to say that a similar instance of stupidity and barbarism could not be found in any civilized country, out of a slave State.

The second lecture of Professor Johnson, of Guy's Hospital, on Botany in reference to agriculture, is given in this number. Among the shorter articles, we notice one from the (London) Farmers' Magazine, on the nutritive qualities of bread now in use. The writer, from his own experiments, and those of Professor Johnston, of the Edinburg Society, comes to the conclusion that bread from the whole wheat is one half more valuable than that from fine flour as food. Classing the solid part of the human body under three heads—fat, muscle, and bone, he arrives by actual analysis to this result that a "thousand pounds of the three substances contain of the three several ingredients the proportions "of 354 lbs. in whole meal, to 210 of fine flour." The fact is worth a year's price of the Library and Journal to any good housekeeper.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* A Fine Old Ballad. *Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); John Critchley Prince; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Douglass, Garrison, and S. S. Foster, on the Reserve: Abolitionism and Treason; Perfume of a Bad Quality; Letter from Mr. Buchanan on the Wilmot Proviso; The Negro Douglass; Abolitionism; Ultra Abolitionists. *Selections:* Jamaica in 1847; Anniversary Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; The Liberator, &c.; An Important Suggestion! New Moves! East Tennessee! Western Virginia.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications:* Letter from Dr. Hudson.

Letter from Frederick Douglass.

NO. III.

The Western Tour.—State of feeling in Ohio.—Anniversary Meeting.—The Fair.—Meetings in various places.

AUSTINBURG, September, 1847.

The infernal system of Slavery is receiving a powerful shock in the West. The enthusiasm of our friends is unequalled. I am informed, on all sides, that the meetings now being held, are such as were never held before. The whole Western Reserve is now in a healthy state of Anti-Slavery agitation. The theme is on every lip, and is spreading far and wide. We are having a real Anti-Slavery revival. The most astonishing crowds flock to hear, and, I trust, to believe. Opposition to our holy cause seems stunned. Scarce a head is seen above the multitude to oppose the triumphant success of our glorious enterprise. The power of Church and State are shaken. The pro-slavery priesthood look woful as they behold their glory departing. The people are fired with a noble indignation against a slaveholding Church, and filled with unutterable loathing of a slave-trading religion. The real character of our Government is being exposed. The flimsy arguments with which our Liberty party friends have attempted to make out a case of Anti-Slavery for the Constitution are blown into fragments.—The present administration is justly regarded as a combination of land-pirates and free-booters. Our *gallant* army in Mexico is looked upon as a band of legalized murderers and plunderers. Our psalm-singing, praying, pro-slavery priesthood are stamped with hypocrisy; and all their pretensions to a love for God, while they hate and neglect their fellow-man, is branded as impudent blasphemy. The fire is lighted,—let it rise—let it spread. Let the winds of an approving Heaven fan it, and, guided by the hand that stays the thunder-bolt, and directs the storm, its holy flames shall burn up, and utterly consume the last vestige of tyranny in our land. The West is decidedly the best Anti-Slavery field in the country.—The people are more disposed to hear—less confined and narrowed in their views, and less circumscribed in their action by sectarian trammels, than are the people of the East. I seriously believe, had we the means to follow up the agitation already commenced in this State for six months, twelve months would not pass, ere every black law which now disgraces the statute-books of Ohio would be repealed, and the free coloured people stand on as good a footing as that enjoyed by the coloured people of Massachusetts. The field here is truly ripe for the harvest, and my spirit is only cast down when I remember how few there are to labour in this part of our vineyard. With money and right-minded men we could place Ohio in advance of Massachusetts in twelve months. The people of this vast State are now ready to hear, believe, and act, but how can they hear without a preacher? We have now five lecturing agents in this field, besides Messrs. Foster, Garrison and myself; we are all labouring ardently, but we are few when you consider the vastness of the field and the readiness to hear on the subject.

I meant ere this to have sent you a hasty sketch of the character and proceedings of the Anniversary Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, but have been so hurried and driven by appointments, and so completely occupied with immediate and indispensable duties, as to make attention to this impossible. I have attended many Anti-Slavery meetings in the East, and in the West, but this exceeded, by far, any which I ever attended. It will long be remembered as one of the most interesting gatherings ever summoned at the bugle call of liberty. The presence of friends Garrison and Foster did much to give a zest and glory to the occasion, but added to these we had our cause pleaded by the magic eloquence of Music. The charms of liberty were set forth in song by the "Cowles family" of Austinburg, and greatly was the cause enhanced by their efforts. I shall never forget the impression made upon the audience by the first song. Four thousand persons stood charmed, and overcome by the melting melody of our friends; there was scarcely a dry eye among the vast audience, and all hearts seemed melted into one. The meeting was held three days, and was full of interest to the last. The first day was rather unpropitious, the weather being uncomfortably cold and cloudy, but the second and third were fine, clear, bright, warm, and beautiful. The heavens above and the earth below smiled naturally and lovingly upon our philanthropic gathering, and added their beauty and splendour to the scene, making the whole "superb and glorious." The meeting was held in what is extensively known in this region as the great "Oberlin Tent." Some idea of its greatness may be learned by the fact that it will hold five thousand persons. This portable "Fanuil Hall" was spread out in an open field near the main road through Lyme, and for three days was the scene of more human life than has been witnessed in these regions since the days of "hard Cider and Coonskins." Besides the thousands who crowded to hear on the subject of Slavery, there were hundreds who came from curiosity to see the crowd, and many for purposes of gain. Those who came for gain had their booths, and tents, and covered wagons, pitched all around us. There was a constant auctioneering going on without, while our metings were going on within. In this respect our meeting resembled more the great political gatherings of the day than our usual Anti-Slavery meetings, except that our meeting was more orderly than they. It was pleasant to see our cause look popular for once. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the Anti-Slavery friends in New Lyme. Their industry, and hospitality were abundant and soul-cheering. You will be pleased to know that the women of the place took an active and intelligent interest in the meeting, and in the cause. When in the West four years ago, the lack of interest on the part of the women was, (you will remember,) the most painful part of our experience. I have observed that where an interest is taken in this subject there is more intellectual life and vigour among women, and much more happiness. Anti-Slavery is doing much here for the elevation and improvement of woman. The political Anti-Slavery meetings, are generally regarded as meetings with which women have nothing to do, and they can do little or nothing toward quickening their energies or expanding their intellects. On this occasion the *women* held Anti-Slavery fairs, and though little was realized, it was not for want of persevering effort. There was one mistake on their part which caused a failure, but it was a mistake on the side of liberty. They admitted all persons free of charge; and curiosity being on tiptoe, the room was so crowded with spectators that no room was left for buyers. Not one half of the useful and beautiful articles brought together were sold. They intend holding another in a few days at Ravenna, where I presume they will profit by their experience at New Lyme. The leading lady of this Bazaar movement, is well entitled to be called the Mrs. Chapman of the West. I think she will eventually be quite as successful. She is young in the cause but thoroughly devoted to it. She became deeply interested in the movement by the noble efforts of that faithful, eloquent, and intrepid advocate of the fettered bondman, Abby Kelley Foster. To this friend of God and man, the praise belongs of giving to the West, and to the cause, another Maria

my society while under their roofs, and who out here are not backward in demanding their rights.

Yours, F. D.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Sea.—Sad want of romance in the writer.—Prefers dirty lanes to dirty sea-sickness.—What he would do if he were as rich as the Queen.—Proof of his strong adhesiveness.—Singular fact with regard to English servants, in their superiority in self-knowledge.—Mrs. Howitt's Memoir of H. C. Wright.—Captivating qualities of H. C. W.—Remarkable insight of children and kittens.—A Southcotian.—Our correspondent proves himself no Antiquary.—Prefers live curiosities to dead ones.—His good luck in seeing a great bully and a great scoundrel the same day.—The way the Queen befooled the gude folk of Glasgow.—Pious but vain wish of our correspondent.—Obsequies of O'Connell.—The Catholic Priesthood.—What they owe to O'Connell.—The Repeal.—Departure of H. C. Wright.—What he is.—Conjectures as to what he will be in a fortnight.—John Bull in Liverpool.—Effects of beef and ale.—Concludes with a tempting invitation and kind advice.

LIVERPOOL, August 18th, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—One fine day while on my way from Dublin to Kingstown, when we came in sight of the sea, I heard a fellow-traveller on the railway say to his little son, "There, Johnny, is the say, the say, the open say!" For my part, poets and young ladies may rave as they please about the sea, with their feet on the fender—but I don't think the "waters wide," or "dark blue sea," or the "rolling billows," or the "foaming ocean," ever look half so beautiful as from the sea-shore. Terra firma for me. Nothing like having your feet on the firm ground. Last night was very calm, I must admit—hardly a breath of wind—but still when we approached Holyhead, there was an ugly swell that made me hate myself. Pah! the feelings of self-abasement and misanthropy that are generated by that hateful heaving—a very horror comes over you, not of fear, but of disgust. A deceased friend of mine—poor George Downes—peace be with his ashes!—well said, speaking of his feelings at sea:—

> Then comes a longing for green hills and dales,
> And trees, and rivulets, and blooming vales,
> And the green twilight of the shady glen.

I am not half so particular. I would prefer the dirtiest court in Dublin—Fordham's alley, or Fumbally's Lane—to the saloon of her gracious Majesty's own particular yacht, engaged as it is at present, in conveying her on her pleasure trips to the Scottish Highlands. There is no disputing about tastes. If I were as rich as the Queen, and lived in London, I would certainly go to Scotland by land—in a first class carriage.

I write from Brown's Temperance Hotel. We landed at five o'clock this morning—and the people have not come down stairs yet. Henry C. Wright is here. He starts to-morrow, and I crossed this vasty brine to shake his hand once more—a heroic proof of my devoted friendship, you will say, after all I have written above. Not a doubt of it.

When I entered this house, I asked "Boots," who let me in, whether Henry Wright was here. He said he was not sure. You hardly ever know one of the poorer class of English sure of anything, except that he knows nothing. When you ask one of them a question, the reply is almost certain to be, "I do n't know, I 'm sure." If I were to ask one of them where his nose was, I would not be greatly surprised if he replied:—"I do n't know, I'm sure." Well, Boots walked off to make inquiry, and soon returning with the number of Howitt's Journal for next Saturday, containing a continuation of Mary Howitt's forthcoming memoir of Henry C. Wright, with a portrait of the Hero, he asked me, "Is that the man?" "Yes," said I, and so I sat down and read the biography. Mary Howitt's hand, as Johnson said of Goldsmith's, graces everything she touches; and accordingly she will be sure to dish up a very pretty memoir of the sturdy old non-resistant. But in this case, everything will not depend, as sometimes happens, on the skill of the biographer. The materials are deeply interesting, and I can't help feeling a little huffed when I find how many fine things he might have told us of himself, within the last few years, which I have now learned for the first time, through the kindness of Mary Howitt. The likeness is very good—a little sterner than the reality—though in justice to the engraver, it must be admitted that H. C. W. looks much more awful than he is. I never knew his equal for captivating the affections of children. I know another very distinguished philanthropist, who boasts of his fascinations when he wishes to put what Paddy calls his "come hether" upon cats. Cats and children are, doubtless, both good judges of a man's humanity, and I would estimate very humbly the religion or good nature of one who was generally an object of terror to a baby or a kitten.

Have you ever heard of Joanna Southcote—an illiterate enthusiast, who, about the beginning of this century drew a great many after her, and, amongst others, some men distinguished for learning and respectability? She announced herself as the mother of an expected Sheloh, and wrote many wild rambling books, full of rigmarole and bad grammar. I think she died eventually of dropsy, and her followers dwindled away to a very small number. There are, however, a few left, and one of them is in the room at this present writing. He is dressed in a blue coat, cut in Quaker fashion, and wears a long and venerable white beard. He tells us their body is very small; that in Ashton-under-Tyne, where they most abounded, the number is but eighty. Their distinguishing doctrine is the expectation of the speedy second coming of Christ—a comfortable creed for those who have "large hope," and are seasoned against the wear and tear of frequent disappointments. As I have a small bump of hopefulness, and am not justified in tracing my ancestry to the man of Uz, I do n't mean to join the Southcotians.

I like to meet these queer samples of humanity now and then—a hundred times more interesting than old coins, old books, or stuffed tigers. Don't you think so? For my part, I had rather see the Pope than the Colosseum, or Wordsworth than all the mountains he has "married to immortal verse." I was always fond of seeing lions—I don't mean merely the lions in the Tower of London, (where there are none any longer) but human lions. The first time I visited London, twenty-five years ago, I thought myself very lucky in seeing in the streets on one day, at the same time, Tom Crib, the great boxer, celebrated by Moore in some of his satires, and Lord Castlereagh, at that time virtual Prime Minister of England, and one of the most atrocious wretches that Ireland ever produced. A reign of political terror prevailed in the Three Kingdoms in his time, and chiefly through his instrumentality. Overwhelmed by public cares, and probably by the weight of public odium, he put an end to his existence only a short time after I saw him.

H. C. Wright returned here yesterday from Scotland, after paying a very short farewell visit. I have already made some allusion to a journey that the Queen and Prince Albert are just now making in great pomp to Scotland. Henry tells me, that on Monday; the day before he left Glasgow, half Scotland poured forth upon the Clyde, to witness the arrival of the royal fleet, and to feast their longing eyes with the sight of their gracious Queen. As much as $25 was paid by some, and no less than $2 by the rest of those who were so happy as to secure a place on board the steamboats, which, to the number of perhaps one hundred and fifty, and containing probably fifty thousand people, lined the splendid estuary of the Clyde on both sides. Well, the end of the whole matter was vanity and vexation of spirit; the Queen never came, and the fifty thousand starers had to go back, chop-fallen, disheartened, disappointed, with sorrowful countenances, with one hundred thousand fleas in their ears. Why did they put their trust in princes? Oh! dear Gay, if you and I had *only* all the money those canny Scots threw away that blessed day to their soul's sore discomfiture! But there is no use in talking. We are in duty bound to believe that we have as much as is good for us, and that no state is so safe as that of honest poverty.

Nothing particular has occurred in Ireland—(barring a few agrarian murders,) since I wrote to you last, except the funeral of O'Connell, and the general election for members of Parliament. As to the funeral, it was a great, but not a very showy procession. The tradesmen with their banners, which were to have made up the greater part of the show, were not there in large numbers. I suppose they preferred seeing the sight to forming a part of it. A man must have a high opinion of himself who thinks it important that he should be one of the ten thousand units who make up a great procession. There was the triumphal car, a gaudy affair, covered with black, in which O'Connell was seated when he made his grand entry into Dublin, after leaving Richmond Bridewell, three short years ago. The hearse, which was elegant and tasteful, was preceded and followed by a vast number of the Catholic priesthood, on foot and in carriages. I never saw, nor I presume has any one else ever before seen, so large a number of this body together in Ireland. Amongst them, were the R. C. Archbishop of Dublin, and many of the Bishops.—Well might they do all honour to O'Connell, the main object of whose life it was to extend their power, and confirm their religious and political influence. In this attempt he has been eminently successful. There is now no power in Ireland to compare with that of the priesthood. If it be well for a country to lie prostrate before a hierarchy, Ireland is a blessed country, and we may all encourage the warmest hopes for her true glory and prosperity. But as I am one of those strange folks who think it a very bad thing for any man, any number of men, or any nation, to hire other people to do their thinking for them, I am not sanguine as to the results of the impending Irish theocracy. I remember when the stethescope first came into fashion, it was described by a wag, as an instrument with which the operator blew dust into a patient's eyes, in order that he might pick the victim's pockets. The Pope evidently has no high opinion of a Government monopolized by the clergy, for the new assembly that he has nominated to assist him in the government of his dominions, consists, I understand, entirely of laymen. It was believed by many, in the last year of O'Connell's lifetime, that he merely used the threat of Repeal as a screw to extort further concessions to Ireland from the Imperial Government; and his measures undoubtedly restrained, rather than stimulated the enthusiasm of the people for repeal. This opinion has been confirmed by the result of the recent elections. The number of Irish members pledged to repeal is much greater now than at any former time. The priests and the people have had their own way, unrestrained by the hand of their powerful leader. There can be no doubt that nine-tenths of Catholic Ireland look forward to this measure, rather than to any efforts, industry, or precaution of their own, as the panacea for all their evils—which is to put food in their stomachs, clothes on their backs, and money in their pockets. When we "get back the repale," I wonder what neat butterfly we shall next pursue. In the British Parliament, a man has little chance of being heard, unless he comes recommended by his wealth, his talents, or the respectability of his social position. Many of our new repeal members dispense with all their adventitious advantages, and will enter the House of Commons armed alone with the majestic panoply of virtue. A subscription of £5 to Conciliation Hall, a profession of flaming patriotism, a loud voice, a low bow, and an extra dash of effrontery, have made within the last few weeks members of Parliament of many, who, six months ago, no more hoped

> "The applause of listening Senates to command
> And read their history in a nation's eyes,"

than you or I do. And so the world goes round.

Since the above was penned, I have been with H. C. Wright and some other friends on board the Caledonia. We helped him to carry his traps, and had an opportunity of seeing the Purgatory in which he is to be stowed for the next fortnight. What an amount of industry every one of those little berths has witnessed. If we had only a bridge or a tunnel! The Caledonia is a fine boat, and everything looks so clean, so compact, and so tidy. Nevertheless, I pity poor Henry, extremely. When every other consolation fails him, he will be certain of my hearty sympathy. He is a fine, portly, priestly-looking man now; how much of him will remain when he arrives at Boston, I can't imagine. Probably he will be like what somebody describes Powerscourt Waterfall to be—more like a skein of white thread than a cataract. Speaking of size, I, who am just arrived from Ireland, am amazed at the size of the men, and the number of men of size I meet in the streets of Liverpool—exact prototypes of the carriacatures you have seen of John Bull, tall and burly, red-faced, a tremendous way round. What a quantity of strong meat and strong drinkit must take to make up such a man! It would take more to give one of these creatures an ordinary day's feeding, than many an Irish household can look to for a week's sustenance. Come and see them, and then step over and see us. You will be amazed by the contrast. Only, I beg of you, for your own sake, find out some remedy for sea-sickness first.—

Yours ever truly,

RICH. D. WEBB.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Five Days Later from Europe.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston since our last issue, bringing five days later dates. The political news by her is unimportant. The pressure in the money market in England, continues and increases, and many heavy failures have taken place. The prices of grain were declining. The provision market was firm and steady.

General Items.

The Fugitive Slave Case.—The trial of this case was continued at Carlisle on Friday last, and given to the Jury on the following day. The evidence for the prosecution was such as to identify Prof. McClintock as one of those connected with the riot. A number of others named in the indictment were also identified, and the testimony rendered showed the existence among the negroes of a high state of excitement, and of a strong predetermination to rescue the slaves at all hazards. The fact that the fugitives were slaves in Maryland, and the property of the claimants, was sworn to by Gen. Hollingsworth, by whom they were recognized.

The defence on the part of Mr. McClintock contended and adduced evidence that he had in no way countenanced or upheld the rioters, and that all his efforts were directed to secure an impartial legal investigation of the case of the slaves claimed. The counsel reproved in proper terms the bad spirit which had led many to circulate stories prejudicial to his client, and to awaken and sustain ill feelings calculated to have an effect adverse to him and to justice in the trial then proceeding. But few witnesses were introduced by the defence.

On Saturday Judge Hepburn charged the Jury, after hearing the arguments of Counsel, and commended the case to the Jury, with instructions to hand in a sealed verdict on Monday morning. On Sunday evening the Jury agreed upon a verdict, which was announced in Court yesterday morning. Prof. McClintock stands acquitted of the charge, and twelve of the negroes engaged in the riot have been found guilty. The Court-House was filled entirely with spectators, and the result was awaited amid the most intense excitement.—*Philadelphia North American.*

George Thompson.—His election was one of the most remarkable on record. His opponent was a liberal member of the cabinet and professed free-trader, a man of wealth and with the Government for supporters. But Mr. Thompson beat him by a majority of 3,000 votes, said to be the largest that any candidate ever received in England. The Tower Hamlets is the largest constituency in the Empire. Mr. Thompson avowed himself an ultra radical. One who, according to Peronnet Thompson's definition of the term, had the root of the matter in him. He would not allow his friends to make use of the means commonly employed to secure the return of a candidate, and his committees even refused to hold their meetings at a public house on account of his being a teetotaler. We differ from the editor of the *Mercury* as to the probable success of George Thompson in Parliament; he has too powerful a body to support him to be killed off by the aristocratic influences of the House. With such as W. J. Fox, Col. Peronnet Thompson, Cobden, Bright, and Dr. Bowring to support him he will be in no danger of being overcome by the conservative members of the House of Commons. A man of his eloquence and determination cannot fail to be heard, and felt too, in Parliament.—*Eve. Gaz.*

Peace Memorial.—Rev. Wm. H. Channing, in an article in the Christian World, suggests the getting up of an immense petition to Congress, for the termination of the Mexican War. He says:

"We beg leave to suggest the importance of devising ways and means, over the whole length and breadth of the land, for obtaining the names of at least one million of freemen to be laid before Congress at their next session asking the abandonment of all war measures, and that all supplies required for prosecuting the present war with Mexico be stopped.

"And as the women of this country are deeply interested in the Peace question not only on account of their sympathy with those helpless women, so shamelessly outraged and abused by American troops in their war of conquest; but also because of the sublime declarations of the Prince of Peace, they are called upon to unite in a similar petition, and should set about obtaining to it at least one million of names, of their own sex."

African Institute.—'L'Institut d'Afrique' is a Society having the seat of its operations in Paris, and for its object the Colonization of Africa and the Regeneration of the African race, by the abolition of the Slave Trade and Slavery. It was established in 1838. Its President is the Duke de Montmoreney. It publishes a monthly journal, this notices the refusal of the Episcopal Convention of New-York to admit to its charge a church composed of colored people. It simply states the fact, with the Ayes and Noes of the vote, in the column of Miscellanes, and then qutes from Job: "I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister."—*Colonization Herald.*

The Wrong Man Hung.—A young printer, named Boyington, who served his time in the office of the New-Haven Palladium, was hung a few years since in Alabama, upon a charge of having murdered a companion, with whom he was traveling. He protested his innocence to the last, but without avail. Recently the landlord in whose house the murder was committed, confessed the crime on his death bed. Boyington was a young man of fine talents and prepossessing appearance, whose guilt was deemed conclusive only from the fact that he was the last person seen with the murdered man.

Death by Cruelty.—On Friday last, the Coroner held an inquest, at the house of Judge Dunica, a few miles south of the city, over the body of a negro girl, about eight years of age, belonging to Mr. Cordell. The body exhibited evidence of the most cruel whipping and beating we have ever heard of. The flesh on the back and limbs was beaten to a jelly—one shoulder bone was laid bare; there were several cuts, apparently from a club, on the head—and around the neck was the indention of a cord, by which, it is supposed, she had been confined to a tree. She had been hired by a man by the name of Tanner, residing in she neighborhood, and was sent home in this condition. After coming home, her constant request until her death, was for bread, by which it would seem that she had been starved as well as unmercifully whipped. The verdict of the jury was that she came to her death by blows inflicted by some person unknown, whilst she was in the employ of Mr. Tanner. The subject, we presume, will undergo a judicial investigation, and we hope that the heartless persons who could inflict such cruelty on one of so tender years will receive the punishment due their crime.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Discovery.—Our readers may remember that some time ago, the Mayor received from Hon. Michael Stanton, Lord Mayor of Dublin, a letter of thank sfrom the Corporation of that city, for the gift of $5,000 made by this city to the suffering poor of Ireland, which letter was published in the city papers. Yesterday morning a respectable lady, a tenant of the Mayor's, called upon him to see that letter and compare the signature with that of one she had received some two years since from her brother in Dublin. Each was a facsimile of the other, and the lady had the satisfaction of knowing that her brother, from whome she had heard but once in *twenty eight years*, had risen to the high and honorable station of Lord Mayor of Dublin.—[Courier.

Agricultural State Address.—We are informed that Gov. Wright *completed* the Address the night before his death, which he was to deliver at Saratoga next week. It will be read; but by whom is not yet decided by the Committee.—*Alb. Eve. Journal.*

Fracas.—We learn that a fight occurred at Drummond Town, Accomac County, on Monday last, between Judge Bayly, Member of Congress, and Mr. Finney, one of the Representatives of the county, growing out of the late decision of the M. E. Church, in which Mr. F. was shot in the thigh by the Judge. The excitement is said to be intense, so much so, that the Judge, who, it is said, was imprisoned in the jail a part of Monday, has been compelled to leave the county, and accordingly took passage yesterday in the boat for Baltimore. Some idea may be formed of the excitement pervading the country on this subject, when we inform the reader that one of the magistrates of the country went on the bench on Monday last armed with a pair of revolvers and a bowie knife.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

A Hard Case.—The *Pittsburg Morning Post* states that a coloured man, named John H. Winston, who left his home in that city some time last Spring, and went as a fireman on a steamboat, is now in the jail of Henderson county, Kentucky, committed because of the absence of a certificate of freedom. He will soon be sold unless the jail fees be paid. His mother, brothers, and sisters reside in Pittsburg, but they are quite poor. This is indeed a hard case, and one which should excite the indignation of every friend of humanity and liberty. This man, a citizen of Pennsylvania, guilty of no crime, goes to Kentucky in the regular prosecution of his business, and though, by the Constitution of the United States, he is entitled to all the privileges of citizenship, he is seized and imprisoned because he has not in his pocket a certificate from some magistrate that he is free. How long will the free States tamely submit to outrages like this?—*Tribune.*

An Indian Propheless.—The *Cherokee Advocate says* a young girl of the Creek Nation recently fell into a *trance*, and has since been prophesying to the tribe. She says that while in this inanimate state she held communion with invisible spirits, who learned her a song, which she sings with great beauty and effect. She has predicted one or two deaths which have come to pass, and told, from her own feelings, of a murder, at the very time it was committed at a distance of several miles from her home. She has also purchased her burial clothes, foretold at what time her death would take place, and certain signs which would then be seen, and from which the world could judge of the sincerity of her professions and the truth of her revelations. People from all sections are flocking to see her. There are many who consider her case a remarkable one, and who, believeing in her inspiration, have become alarmed and forsaken the error of their ways.

Married,

At Clinton, Oneida county, August 24th, by Rev. W. Dwight, jr. of Brooklyn, THEODORE W. DWIGHT, Maynard Professor of law in Hamilton College to MARY B. daughter of A. Olmstead, Esq. of C.

In Needham (Mass.) August 24, JOHN C. HOADLEY, Esq. of Lancaster, to Miss CHARLOTTE S. daughter of Rev. Dan'l Kimball.

In Boston Mr. ANTHONY SPRAGUE to Miss MARGARET STODDARD, both of Hingham.

Died,

In New Bedford, 2d instant, GIDEON HOWLAND, aged 77 years.

At Watertown, 27th instant, LYDIA ANN, wife of J. H. Richardson, and daughter of Hon. Levi Thaxter, 37.

At Bridgehampton, Long Island, on the 28th ultimo, MARY MINTURN, daughter of Henry Grinnell, of New-York, in the 7th year of her age.

At Nice, France, M. Sergent-Marceau, aged 98, one of the actors in the first French Revolution. His remains were interred in the same tomb as those of his wife, who was Gen. Marceau's sister. "At the moment," says a letter from Nice, when "a number of Frenchmen residing at Nice were about to quit the cemetery, M. Carnot, one of the deputies of Paris, and son of the celebrated General of that name, pronounced a few affecting words respecting his private life, and afterwards referred to various circumstances of his political career. M. Sergent had figured actively among the party of "the Mountain." He commanded the armed citizens of the Faubourg St. Antoine on the 20th of June, and at the Massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the 10th of August. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. "without appeal to the people or delay in the execution." He never repented that vote, and he was often heard to repeat that if it were to be done over again, he should not hesitate. He was secretary to Robespierre. M. de Chateaugiron, Consul-General of France, assisted at the funeral of M. Sergent-Marceau. M. de Chateaugiron, had been in his youth aide-de-camp of General Marceau, and was indebted to M. Sergent for his life during the reign of terror."

NOTICES.

NORTHAMPTON WATER-CURE.

The undersigned, gratefully appreciating the credit generously awarded by a discerning public, to his success as a Hydropathic Practitioner, would respectfully inform the friends of Hydropathy, that his establishment is pleasantly situated near Bensonville, on the west bank of the Licking Water, or Mill River, about two and a half miles from the centre of the town. It is 36 by 70 feet, three stories high, with a piazza on the South side. There are separate parlors, bathing and dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen. There are also twenty lodging rooms, each of which is well ventilated, and conveniently furnished for the accommodation of two persons. Among the variety of baths in the establishment, are the plunge, douche, drenchee, and spray baths. The ladies' plunge is 6 by 10 feet, 3 1-2 deep,—the gentlemens', 8 by 12, and 3 1-2 deep. There are also two cold douches, one of which is situated a mile, and the other half a mile from the establishment. The former has a fall of 22 feet, the latter, 18. The scenery in this vicinity is picturesque and romantic. There are a variety of pleasant walks, passing near and to, springs of pure water. The walks are sufficiently retired to allow water-cure patients to appear as they should, plainly dressed, enjoying their rambles without being exposed to public gaze or observation. Since daily experience, for the last three years, has strengthened his opinion, that the condition of the skin clearly indicates the character of many diseases, and the *ability* or *inability* of an invalid to bear the water treatment in its varied forms; also the necessity of applying the dry woollen blanket, or the wet sheet, to promote evaporation or a sweat, when either may be necessary; and from the results which have attended his application of the treatment, he hesitates not to say, that the *electric* symptom of the skin indicates *vitality*, or *power*, and that an invalid whose skin is not attended with this symptom, cannot be safely or successfully treated, with water. Among the complaints which are here successfully treated, are, pulmonary affections, liver complaints, jaundice, acute or chronic inflammation of the bowels, piles, dyspepsia, general debility, nervous and spinal affections, inflammatory or chronic rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lame limbs, paralysis, fevers, salt rheum, scrofulous and erysipelas humors.

All patients who visit this establishment for a course of treatment, should furnish themselves with three comfortables, three woollen blankets, one linen and three cotton sheets, two pillow-cases, six crash towels, some well worn linen to cut for fomentations, an old cloak or mantle, and a syringe.*

Terms for treatment and board, are $5,50 per week, for those who occupy rooms on the third floor—on the first and second floors, $6,00 per week, payable weekly—washing extra. A patient, who from choice or necessity occupies a room alone on the third floor, will pay $8,00 per week—on the first and second floors, $8,50 per week. Invalids who are so feeble as to need extra attention and fire in their rooms, (except for swathing purposes,) will procure their own nurses and fuel, or pay an extra price.

D. RUGGLES.

NORTHAMPTON, AUG. 1847.

N. B. The afflicted, desirous of being examined in regard to their complaints, and of ascertaining the adaptedness of the water-cure, in their particular case, should call on Tuesdays and Fridays.

D. R.

* This instrument may be obtained at the establishment.

OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A Quarterly Meeting of this society will be held in South Bridgewater, on Saturday and Sunday, October 2d and 3d, 1847. The meeting will be held in the spacious Town House, only a few minutes' walk from the depot, and continue through each day and evening. Meeting will commence at half past nine o'clock, A. M.

We do most urgehtly and earnestly request the friends of the society so to arrange matters, as to be present at this meeting. We give the notice thus early, that all arrangements, necessary to be made in order to attend, may have ample time to be consummated. Bridgewater is a new field, and consequently we need a strong and full meeting. Bestir yourselves, then, Abolitionists of the Old Colony! and let not the 2d and 3d of October next find you indifferent and inactive in the noble cause of humanity, but awake, and fight with all your might against the pro slavery spirit, and more especially that of *Old Bridgewater.*

Samuel May, Jr., Wm. W. Brown, L. Moody, P. Pillsbury, and other able speakers, will be present.

"*The Bridgewater Letter,*" in reply to a letter received from Bridgewater in England, on the subject of Slavery and War, will be REVIEWED at this meeing.

HENRY H. BRIGHAM, *Secretary.*

South Abington, Sept. 2, 1847.

AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The ninth annual meeting of the association will be held in Philadelphia, on Third day, the 19th of Tenth month.

All persons interested in this important branch of anti-slavery labour, are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, Pres.

SARAH PUGH, Sec.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK.

Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave from Kentucky, and E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at the following towns and villages, in Columbia, Greene, Delaware, and Broome counties, as follows:

OTSEGO COUNTY.

Maple Grove, (Butternuts) Thurs. & Fri. Sept. 9 & 10
Oneanta, Saturday and Sunday, 11 and 12.
Laurensville, (Laurens) Monday and Tuesday, 13 & 14.
Noblesville, Wednesday, 15.
South Edmeston, Thursday, 16.
Burlington Flats, Friday and Saturday, 17 and 18.

MADISON COUNTY.

Leonardsville, Sunday, September 19.
North Brookfield, Monday and Tuesday, 20 and 21.

ONEIDA COUNTY.

Bridgewater, Wednesday, September 22.

HERKIMER COUNTY.

Litchfield, Thursday and Friday, September 23 and 24.
Winfield, Saturday, 24.

The meetings will commence at one and seven o'clock, P. M.

Will the friends of the slave make all necessary arrangements in their respective and neighbouring towns to have the meetings well notified and attendance enjoined, and confer a favour on the cause of bleeding and imploring humanity.

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY.

General Agent of American Society for New-York

GENESEE AND LIVINGSTON COUNTIES.

Joseph C. Holley, a coloured man from Brooklyn, Long Island, late of the District of Columbia, and G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y. will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows, viz:

North Bergen,	Genesee County,	September	1 and 2
Oakfield,	"	"	8 " 10
Pembroke,	"	"	11 " 12
East Bethany,	"	"	13 " 14
Pavillion,	"	"	15
East Avon,	Livingston County,	"	18 " 19
Caledonia,	"	"	20 " 21
Fowlersville,	"	"	22 " 23
Cuylersville,	"	"	24 " 25
Lakeville,	"	"	26 " 27
Livonia,	"	"	28 " 29
South Livonia,	"	September	30 and Oct. 1.

The above meetings will commence at two and seven o'clock, P. M. of each day.

Will friends in each place see that arrangements are made, and extended notice given? Let the people come and hear their appeals for the slave, and the country groaning under the yoke of a slaveholding oligarchy.

J. C. Holley can tell a stirring story of abuse and persecution, by which he was forced to flee from the national domain, and the care of the nation's lawmakers in the District of Columbia.

J. C. HATHAWAY,

General Agent of American Society for New-York.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION!!

Marlboro, Thursday and Friday, 3d and 4th.
Salem, Saturday and Sunday, 5th and 6th.

☞ The big tent will be put up at Richfield, Marlboro, and Salem; and at other places if the weather should not be favorable to a grove meeting.

☞ Garrison and Douglass will attend *all* of these meetings, one of them remaining during all the sessions.

☞ The meetings at Twinsburg and Massillon will commence at 2, P. M. those at Richfield, Marlboro, and Salem, at 10, A. M. that at Oberlin at 9 1-2 A. M. and the one at Medina at 7, P. M.

All the sessions subsequent to the first, will commence at 10, A. M. and 2, P. M.

SAM'L. BROOKE, *Gen. Agent.*

CHARLES LENOX REMOND and J. C. HATHAWAY will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follow:—

ERIE COUNTY.

Lodi, Tuesday and Wednesday,	"	7th and 8th
Boston, Thursday and Friday,	"	9th and 10th
Buffalo, Sunday,	"	12th

The above meetings will commence at 2 o'clock, and 7 o'clock, P. M.

J. C. HATHAWAY,

FARMINGTON, 8 mo. 1847. *Gen. Agt. for N. Y.*

TOUR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AND JAMES N. BUFFUM,

Through the State of New-York.

These friends of the SLAVE have kindly consented to spend a few weeks in this State on their way home from Ohio. I give this early notice of their intentions, that every individual may make arrangements to be at one or more of the Conventions which they will attend.

It is unnecessary to urge, or even earnestly invite any one to go. The bare announcement of the names of GARRISON, DOUGLASS, and BUFFUM, will secure an overwhelming audience anywhere in the Empire State. Unless prevented by sickness or accident, they will attend Conventions as follows:—at

BUFFALO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 14th and 15th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. on each day.

ROCHESTER.—On Thursday and Friday, September 16th and 17th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Thursday, and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Friday.

FARMINGTON.—On Sunday, September 19th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

CANANDAIGUA.—On Monday, September 20th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WATERLOO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, September 21st and 22d, commencing, on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday.

AUBURN.—On Thursday, September 23d, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

SYRACUSE.—On Friday, September 24th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WEST WINFIELD.—On Saturday and Sunday, September 25th and 26th, commencing on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Sunday.

LITTLE FALLS.—On Monday and Tuesday, September 27th and 28th, commencing on Monday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday.

ALBANY.—On Wednesday, September 29th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Several other distinguished speakers will be present at all the Conventions, and

CHARLES LENOX REMOND will be at BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, FARMINGTON, and CANANDAIGUA.

E. D. HUDSON and LEWIS HAYDEN will be at WEST WINFIELD and LITTLE FALLS.

Will the friends in the different places make early and ample arrangements, and let the notice be extended far and wide by handbills and otherwise, so that no individual shall miss the rare opportunity for want of notice.

Will the local papers please copy the foregoing notice, so far as their particular localities are concerned?

J. C. HATHAWAY,

General Agent for the State of New-York

FARMINGTON, 7th mo. 1847.

FAIR COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held March 11th, 1847, the following persons were appointed a Committee on the Fair, to be held at the close of the year:

Mary T. Stickney,	Margaretta Forten,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Esther Reckless,
Janette Jackson,	Sarah Pugh,
Maria M. Davis,	Clementine Green,
Margaret Griscom,	Elizabeth Carman,
Martha Carman,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Hogeland,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Burr,
Emily Winslow,	Lydia Gillingham,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Sarah L. Child,
Paulina S. Wright,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Sarah A. McKim,	Huldah Justice,
Eliza J. Bias,	Margaret Jones.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Contributions for this Fair to aid the band of noble women whose names are attached to the call published in the Standard, to get up one worthy of the occasion, and of the cause, can be left at the Anti-Slavery offices in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. Packages forwarded to the West should be directed to J. E. Jones, Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, and if sent by the northern route, which is the best one, they should be marked (care of Charles Bradburn, Cleveland, Ohio,) or if by the southern route, (care of J. M. McKim, No. 31, North 5th street, Philadelphia.) And in all instances they should be on the way West by the 15th of July.

SAMUEL BROOKE,

General Agent.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. hapman,	*Sarah BShaw,*
Ann. T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Anna R. Philbrick,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Henrietta Sargent,*
Louisa Loring,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Mary Young,	*Eliza F. Meriam,*
Mary Willey,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Evelina S. A. Smith,*
Maria Lowell,	*Sarah H. Southwick,*
Frances Mary Robbins,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Lydia Parker,	*Harriet T. White,*
Harriet B. Hall,	*Abby Francis,*
Catharine Sargent,	*Abby Southwick,*
Harriet M. Jackson.	

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

J. W. Walker and N. N. Selby will attend Anti-Slavery Convent

Poetry.

A FINE OLD BALLAD.

The following old street ballad, one of the popular ancient class of songs, commemorating the fight of Good-Nature and Philosophy with Fortune, is from the famous collection of Roxburghe Ballads, of which some specimens have just been printed in a luxurious edition, by the antiquarian, Collier:

RAGGED, AND TORNE, AND TRUE.

I am a poore man, God knowes,
and all my neighbours can tell,
I want both money and clothes,
and yet I live wondrous well;
I have a contented mind,
and a heart to beare out all,
Though fortune (being kind)
hath given me substance small.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
it never shall make me rue;
What though my backe goes bare,
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

I scorn to live by the shift,
or by any sinister dealing;
Ile flatter no man for a gift,
nor will I get money by stealing;
Ile be no knight of the post,
to sell my soule for a bribe,
Though all my fortunes be crossed,
yet I scorn the cheaters tribe.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
it never shall make me rue;
What though my cloake be thred-bare,
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

A boote of Spanish leather,
I have seene set fast in the stockes,
Exposed to wind and weather,
and foul reproach and mocks,
While I in my poor ragges
can passe at liberty stille:
O, fie on these brawling bragges,
when money is gotten so ill!
O, fie on these pilfering knaves!
I scorn to be of that crue,
They steale to make themselves brave;
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

I have seen a gallant go by,
With all his wealth on his backe,
He looked as loftily
as one that did nothing lacke;
And yet he hath no meanes
but what he gets by the sword,
Which he consumes on queanes,
for it thrives not, take my word.
O, fie on those high-way thieves!
the gallows will be their due:
Though my doublet be rent 'n th' seeves,
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

Some do themselves maintaine
with playing at cards and dice:
O, fie on such lawless gaine
got by such wicked vice!
They cozen poor country-men,
with their delusions vilde,
Yet it happens now and then
that they are themselves beguilde;
For if they be caught in a snare
the pillory claimes its due,
Though my jerkin be worne and bare,
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

I have seene some gallants brave
up Holborne ride in a cart,
Which sight much sorrow gave
to every tender heart:
Then have I said to my selfe,
what a pity is it for this,
That any man for pelfe,
should do such a foule amisse.
O, fie on deceit and theft!
it makes men at the last rue;
Though I have but little left,
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

The pickpockets in a throng,
at a market or a faire,
Will try whose purse is strong,
that they may the money share;
But if they are caught i' th' action,
they are carried away in disgrace,
Either to the House of Correction,
or else to a worser place.
O, fie on these pilfering thieves!
the gallows will be their due:
What need I sue for repreeves?
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

The hostler, to maintaine
himself with money in 's purse,
Approves the proverbe true,
and says, Gramercy horse:
He robs the travelling beast,
that cannot divulge his ill;
He steales a whole handfull at least
from every half peck he should fill.
O, fie on these coozening scabs,
that rob the poore jades of their due!
I scorn all thieves and drabs,
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

'Tis good to be honest and just,
though a man be never so poore;
False dealers are still in mistrust,
th' are afraid of the officers doore:
Their conscience deth them acuse,
and they quake at the noise of a bush,
While he that doth no man abuse
for the law needs not care a rush.
Then well fare the man that can say,
I pay every man his due:
Although I go poore in array,
I' me ragged, and torne, and true.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mugge.)

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

At the door of the inner room, he was received by Mars-Plaisir, the faithful servant, who looked solemnly earnest, and was arrayed in a rich livery, laced with gold. Sergeants of the mounted guard stood, like statues, with drawn swords, at their posts; and in a low whisper, the valet said that he would announce to the Commander-in-Chief, the arrival of the Colonel.

Mars-Plaisir vanished, and in a moment reappeared again, but only to make way for Toussaint himself, who entered, in the rich uniform of a French General. Behind him, came his Secretary, Pascal, and the Abbé Marliani, Generals Christophe, Dessalines, whose repulsive features expressed a strange triumph, an English officer in a red coat, several aids, and finally, the Abbé de la Haye, in his clerical vestments.

Toussaint's eye shone with all that penetrating fire which gave him such an irresistible power.—He threw a glance upon Vincent, as if he would read in the soul of this old friend, whether he knew all, and then raised his head, with an air of vexation, and wounded pride, when he saw Vincent's features so rigidly cold, and his eye so accusing in its look. It was with all the authority of the superior officer, that he approached Vincent, and said: "I am this moment, Colonel Vincent, about to take possession of the Mole St. Nicholas. You will attend me. I will hear what you bring, afterwards." And with this, he passed Vincent, and the next moment thundered forth the shouts of the multitude outside, who, as the Commander-in-Chief appeared, threw themselves before him on the earth, and raised their hands adoringly towards him.

The uproar seemed endless. Toussaint, upon his noble charger, sprang towards the lines of the soldiers, his large, brilliant suite, heightening the effect. Many regiments of the blacks were indeed still without suitable clothing, an apron about the loins was nearly all; their weapons rested upon their naked shoulders, but what order had the General introduced! Into these wild troops of the desert, the arts of war had been burnt in with bloody severity. Every officer wore a pistol at his belt, and instantly shot down any one who ventured to betray the slightest disobedience. One saw the lines move with European tactics, and effect the due military evolutions rapidly and safely. Thus they approached the eminence of the Mole. The sea spread out its immeasurable expanse, sun-bright, the European fleet in the harbour unfolded their thousand flags, and streamers, the large ships showed the open throats of their fire-abysses, the thunders of which saluted the black hero, the conqueror, before whom the invincible fortress opened itself. From all the walls, and fortifications, fire-arms poured forth their salutes. Crowds of people rushed shouting along, to get a sight of the man, to whom England's proud flag was bowed, and even those arrogant islanders, who pronounce sentence upon the whole world, in their vain-glorious contempt, could not escape the feeling of admiration which the old slave awakened.—Proudly sate he upon his proud horse, that seemed like a sensitive, sympathising being, to share in the glory of his rider. The animal passed on with a kingly pride, his glossy, black skin glancing in the sunlight, and dappled with flakes of foam, his nostrils expanded, his wild eyes casting fiery glances round, and the golden bit jangling with his teeth in proud exuberance of life. And on his back sate the imperial rider, with that singularly animated countenance, in full consciousness of the day, in heaven-mounting dreams, the truth of which knocked mightily at his heart, and whose intoxicating influence he controlled as easily as the fire of his spirited beast. The keys were now brought to him; he received them from the Commandant, with a polite and winning speech, as a present from a brave foe: then the English General, Maitland, approached at the head of his splendid staff, and the French Commander-in-Chief leaped from his horse, and both Generals embraced; the officers of both armies following this example of peace and friendship, hands were shaken, expressions of politeness and high esteem were exchanged, and their admiration arose as the black army marched in, moving by in perfect military order, taking possession of the great central square, while from all posts and outlets, the English retired towards the harbour, and the ships. All the armories and arsenals were thrown open, but all empty; all the artillery was removed to the ships, and the last bodies of the English were still moving towards the harbour, to secure the last remains of this military wealth. Well had Hedouville complained that this capitulation had been disgraceful to the Republic. That of a place which had been for years the gathering point of all the plunder, the great ammunition-house, and place of retreat of the hereditary enemies of France, she gained nothing but the bare walls. And Vincent felt, too, the truth of this reproach; he felt fully that the jealousy of the two contending powers, the eagerness to get possession of this stray fortress, had deprived the mother-country of great advantages.

On the high bastion, near the sea, in the cool shade of trees, a large tent had been prepared, adorned with flags and colours, and hither led General Maitland, the new masters of the Mole, for whom he had prepared a splendid entertainment. On their way thither, they passed the beautiful new mansion of the Governor, which had been erected at a great cost. It looked freely out over the great square, a portion of the walls, the harbour, the moving sea, from which the forest of masts arose. It had been lately, and expensively, decorated. London had furnished whatever it had possessed of beauty, and magnificence, and Toussaint's eye rested with delighted surprise on this instance of the solid splendour of old England. "General," said Maitland, with a smile, which, perhaps, was to be referred to the surprise of the negro, that inspired new hopes, "this house was the property of Great Britain, in the name of the same, I transfer it to you, as a small proof of the reverence which my country feels for the great man, who illustrates his people, and his age."

Toussaint appeared for a moment to feel the impropriety of such a gift, the acceptance of which, in the eyes of France, and all republicans, would be charged upon him as a crime. Polverel, Santonax, and the men of the Convention, would have rejected such an offer with disdain; or, perhaps, he perceived the secret design of rendering him suspicious by the acceptance of rich presents, and bring him nearer to his bold resolution, but he hesitated not to express his thanks, and while he glanced round the circle of his officers, in a vehement speech to declare that it was his most ardent wish to unite two great nations, the first on the earth, in a firm alliance.

Maitland fell in with this wish, but while he led Toussaint through the rooms, he lingered in the last, where the harbour and sea were presented in full view before them. They were alone, and the English General pointed out of the window towards the water. "General," said he, "like those waves there, so fickle is France, and the French character; like the eternally changeable element, so does it swallow whoever trusts in it. It will tolerate nothing great, and its ablest men sink down, like the agitated ocean, to the common level, as soon as the storm is over. We are reproached with being too English, and not enough men; but the Frenchman knows only himself. What thanks have you hitherto had, General, for your immortal deeds? They have calumniated you, they see in you only the negro, who arrogantly dares to command here; they tolerate you, and flatter you, because they cannot do otherwise; but they make unceasing attempts to drive you back into the obscurity from which you sprung."

"I know it," replied Toussaint, smiling. "I know all, General, my eye nothing escapes; it is folly, it is nothing. Domingo is a tree with a slender top, it will not bear every one." "Not people like Hedouville," said the Englishman, quietly, "who come here, and have only words. Here is a letter. General, it has fallen into our hands, and it is worth your while to read it. See there what the Agent of the Directory writes."

Toussaint suppressed the emotion which flashed from his eyes. With affected contempt, he snatched at the open letter. It was addressed to the Director, Barras, and was full of the most violent accusations, and complaints against the Commander-in-Chief, whose schemes were, it said, evidently tending to the exercise of unlimited power, and by fair means or foul, to the disruption of St. Domingo from France. Hedouville confessed that he was wholly useless in a land, where no one considered him, where his commands were disregarded, and everything was done to annihilate his authority.—Toussaint read it through with an air of satisfaction; at one passage only, he could not wholly conceal his emotion. It was where the Agent remarked upon his manner of life, his fondness for beautiful women, of whom, some, unworthy of the name of the sex, so the letter said, were so wholly lost to a sense of shame as to receive his attentions. Revenge flashed from his eyes, and only the conclusion of the letter moderated, and changed this expression.

"I will," wrote Hedouville, "be an obstacle to the boundless ambition of this negro as long as I can; but believe me, he can be taught better only when a fleet and an army arrive at this place. Send an army hither as soon as possible, if you would prevent mischief, and keep Domingo for France. There are yet many patriots, who are longing for that happy moment; even among the negroes, there are many friends of France and freedom, but their numbers are weakening. The demoralization grows, persecution and banishment punish the faithful, while traitors are protected. Such is the man, who allow his flatterers to compare him with Bonaparte, the youthful hero of freedom, the prop of the Republic, while he strives every day, more undisguisedly after unbounded power!"

Toussaint returned the letter in silence. Maitland seized his hand with warmth. "Do you not see now, General, what threatens you, how they reward your patriotism?" said he. The first quiet moment in France, will suffice to carry out these plans. Peace once established in Italy, large armies will call for war and glory, and soon enough will they think of securing St. Domingo."

"I shall expect them," said Toussaint, with a peculiar expression of seriousness and mockery.—"England knows that St. Domingo requires something more than bravery."

"This murderous climate will sweep them off," replied Maitland. "But France is great, and it will find much sympathy here in St. Domingo. Treachery can help where the sword is powerless. General, you are a great, a wise man, you are more sensible of the truth than I can express. What I directed O'Farel to propose to you, England is prepared to hold to. Look there, that faithless sea, which I compared with France, it is the obedient servant of Great Britain, and will be your most faithful ally, when you reach out your hand to us."

"And what will the world say?" said Toussaint, with a smile, accompanied with an emotion scarcely to be concealed.

"The world!" rejoined Maitland, smiling. "It is a monster with many heads, but the wise and the able will only approve you. What have you to fear from France, what to hope from England? There, eternal hatred, the prospect of long and desperate war, malice, and treachery, here, a powerful and faithful friend, who will help you to obtain glory and success, covering the seas with its fleets, and furnishing his Majesty, the King of Haiti,"—this was said with a marked emphasis, and respectful inclination of the head,—"as a dear ally, with all the means of placing his glorious empire upon a foundation that shall command respect."

"Gold and ships!" said Toussaint, in a low voice, with sparkling eyes: "You present a picture before my soul, which is not strange to it—the circumstances are to be lamented; one may be forced to disown false friends, and to take enemies to one's heart. Self-preservation is the great law of nature, who can blame me after what I have experienced?"

"No one!" said Maitland. "And whoever can blame you, will at least have no power to annoy you. A decisive step, General, and the thing is done."

Toussaint stood with crossed arms before the Englishman, a mingled expression of trouble and indignation furrowed his countenance. "Decision," said he, "I am decided, I—what I must do, I know well, and what I can and will, is also fully known to me. Nevertheless, I hesitate, for it is not easy to give up a whole life, and long cherished truths.—But it may be so, you may be right, that it must be so. I perceive the force of your reasons, and what, General Maitland, what does England demand of the King of Haiti?"

"Nothing more," answered the other, "than the signing of this treaty of commerce, the conditions of which you know. The King of Great Britain and Ireland binds himself sacredly to this promise of protection; you, General, have only in return, to allow us to be the medium of your trade with Europe."

"That is little and much," said the Chief of the blacks, nodding his shrewd head, and smiling, as was his wont.

"The first Lord of the Treasury, has in his instructions to General Williamson, explained the wishes of his Majesty," replied Maitland. "Mr. Pascal has seen it all, and must have made his report to you, General."

"I understand," cried Toussaint, hastily, "England wants the exclusive right of trade. She wants us to be dependent upon her. We are to hand over to your traders, our sugar, coffee, indigo, rice, cotton, cocoa, rum, in short, everything which this rich Island produces, as the fruit of our industry, and you will furnish us in return, with manufactures,—flood us with them, perhaps, as you have flooded your Colonies; that is your system. You are a nation of traders, with whom commerce goes before everything. I know well that mutual advantages secure the best friendship. I do not say it would be too much, if you demanded all the advantages, but you must be reasonable—we need America, we cannot do without her. You could not afford us many things as reasonably as this, our nearest neighbour."

"General," said Maitland, coaxingly, "depend upon it, everything will be arranged according to your principle of mutual advantage. England will not exclude the Americans entirely, if the export is promised wholly to her. My heavens! how much have we already sacrificed to protect the honour of St. Domingo. Charmilly and the Creoles drew us into this war under a thousand promises, and now, when we want nothing but some commercial advantages, we are still regarded with just as great caution. What, General, can give you a greater proof of the sincerity of our intentions, than the surrender of this strong fortress, which was abundantly provided with everything, to continue for years, perhaps forever, in our hands. England sincerely desires the alliance, it desires only the immediate advantages, and it retires at once from the possession of this security, or what think you, pray," added he, with a smile, "that General Hedouville has offered for the possession of the Mole St. Nicholas?"

The Commander-in-Chief looked at him with kindling eyes. "Offered," said he, at last; "ah, I know too well, General, he has nothing that you would take, and I can give more. No, it is well as it is. We will ever love frankness. I see too clearly to allow myself to be deceived, I—what England wants, I alone have to give, and they offer me, what the Republic never has offered," he added, laughing. "I will come to an understanding with you and Williamson, General, and we will see; wise men soon understand each other."

They then returned to their attendants, who had with a certain eager expectation, observed the conversation that had been going on, without hearing a word of it. When they saw the two return, smiling, and arm in arm, it was understood how matters were standing, and the general satisfaction was shared in by all but a very few. Vincent had attached himself to the Priest of Dondon, with whom he had been whispering for some time, and asking explanations which the cautious Abbé gave in his way with a thousand cautions and qualifications, until the stormy element of his blood led him to become more confidential.

"My dear Colonel," said he, "plant a vine of the noblest sort in a land where nettles grow, or let it interweave its branches with the lime, and you will soon see whether the clusters still grow large and sweet. O Mother of God! Speaking of wine, how delightful was it in old times, when I still lived in London, and the most delicious Malmsey came across the Spanish boundaries in the bright nights. Never could I get enough of it, yet now one is happy and sainted, if he can get a drink of poor Bordeaux.—And let us be contented, if it remains as it still is, but I fear it will be worse, my son. The serpent has tempted, the apple is plucked. O! holy St. Francis, how sweet it tastes. Hear you the brull of the lion, who knows well that he is the strongest of all beasts, and whom the fox and the cat daily represent with the most abject submission, that it only needs his roar to frighten the whole world to death. Well roared lion! as before the trumpets at Jericho, the walls will tumble down, that stand between thee and the three golden steps. But ah! wilt thou then be happier!"

"You terrify me, father," replied Vincent. "O, if it has got so far!"

"Within a hair of it, if it does not seem to you wholly impossible," said la Haye. "He has surrounded himself with flatterers, and his heart, so capable of the greatest and noblest, is growing hard. O! you great philosopher, you who for years served this hero of Virtue, as Jacob for Rachel, are you not convinced at last that he is shrewder than ye all? Are you not still ready to hasten to Paris, whither his commands drive you, to vindicate his patriotism before the Directors, and then go a pilgrimage to Italy to ask of the first of the whites a lock of hair for remembrance for the first of the blacks? But never mind, this time he will not find your beautiful republican talent necessary. To write royal speeches and proclamations, Pascal will fully suffice."

"I will speak with him, he shall hear the voice of reason, the voice of anxious friendship."

"My child," said the old man, contemptuously, "you are still very young in the world, to believe that words can alarm the conscience of a man who will not listen. This man does not say in vain; I know what I am doing, I! Yes, by the Mother of God! there is nothing hastily done by this man, no act with him is the child of a hot-blooded moment. All his crops are sown and fostered, they ripen slowly to the day of judgment. My dear Vincent, I am an old man, and in my heart have never been a great admirer of your wild liberty dreams; now I see with a certain satisfaction all come to pass that must come. I see the seed ripening, which I saw planted, the spirit of the world strides with its iron feet through the field, and all your virtue, and dignity of man, and philosophy, cannot overpower the inborn passion. Deceivers and deceived, that's the way the world is divided, and I can wonder at no one if he does not wish to rank with the latter. He will reign, he must reign, that the voice in his breast demands. You have done everything to help him thus far, would you now spoil your own work?—Bow the knee, my friend, shout long life and happiness to him, and he will be a gracious master to you, and adorn you with dignities and orders."

"We will see," said Vincent, who could not refrain from a smile at the pantomine with which the Priest accompanied his words.

"And commend yourself also to her Majesty, the Queen," continued La Haye, waggishly. "I hope you have got an anchor to windward in that quarter all in good time."

"And do you believe that that folly also is going to be realized?" said the Colonel, gloomily.

"There is no folly, nor wickedness, which a human brain can think out, which cannot grow into reality and fact," returned the Priest, "as also there is nothing great and exalted which may not happen now and then. Between such extremes life swings, and why should that not take place here, which has happened a hundred times in the history of the world? Lawful wives repudiated, beautiful wise women, no matter what Past lay behind them, or what recollections they awakened, placed beside them on their thrones, such was always the fashion with kings and princes, until of late times, a silly law of equal birth shackled them. I pray you consider, and do not laugh so scornfully. Think of Theodosia and the Emperor of Justinian. The fair dancer from the race-course had many good friends, to whom she had granted favours, but the Empress had all the tongues and heads cut off, from which she gathered that they might remember old times."

At this moment Toussaint and Maitland appeared, and the whole company moved toward the sea and the magnificent tent, where the entertainment was prepared. At the place stood four brass pieces that, clear as mirrors, shone like gold, and were provided with all due appurtenances. The English artillerists displayed their skill in loading and firing, and greeted the commanders, following, also, every toast at the table with a volley, which was answered from the ships. The company took their seats, and the feast began, which consisted of every European luxury in the greatest profusion; choice wines and liquors were not wanting. Everything was done to compel the admiring astonishment of the blacks, and nothing could excel the wealth of the table furniture, which was all of silver and gold. In order to suit himself to the customs, Toussaint was compelled to taste many of the rarities laid before him. The English cookery had here displayed its fondness for fine fruits and desserts, with its puddings and tender-meats, strengthened with alcohol spirits, and Toussaint found, at least, more to please him in this natural simplicity, than in the French cuisine, as it was only some of the commonest dishes to which he gave the preference, and which he praised. The English meat-eaters, with their powerful masticating apparatus, had, on the contrary, not lost their love, under the tropical sun, for the favourite strong dishes, which they washed down with the fiery Port wines. The pity, which they expressed for their black friends, when the latter, as is usual with negroes, and all the children of the torrid zone, showed a dislike of the meats, and eagerly partook of the rice dishes, or the poorly prepared vegetables of the English cook, was paid back to them in astonishment at their voracity, which, however, was checked neither by the amazement of the blacks, nor by warnings against excess, which the physicians of Europe had for years wasted in vain upon the West Indies. They persisted in stuffing themselves, as usual, with good things, as if they were still in cold, cloudy England. Soon the glow of the wine kindled new fire in the ardent minds of most of those present, one noisy toast followed another, the cannons thundered without. They drank to friendship and reconciliation, to the future, and to hopes which were now made manifest from under the half-rent veil of secresy. General Maitland was convinced in his heart that he had gained a greater victory than England had ever obtained upon this soil. Of what use were the rich colonies, whose fever soil was so deadly for the European? If some rich fool, some black King, were allowed to wear the crown here, the more certainly was the Island wrested from the French, and England would secure the best slice, for what the Island gave would belong to her. These thoughts prompted him to redouble the flattering marks of admiration, which he bestowed upon the bold negro, who, with the seriousness and dignity of a prince, sate at his side; but a genuine feeling of respect mingled with the admiration of Maitland. The longer Toussaint talked, and the more fully he expressed his opinions on many things, the more did the wonder of the Englishman increase, to find that he had beside him, not merely a man raised by fortune, by circumstances, and by natural talent, but also one rarely constituted by Heaven itself, who, with the intuitive power of wisdom threw light and clearness upon subjects apparently the most obscure, and more than once he felt not perfectly easy by the side of the half savage black, who appeared to be playing off his old game upon him. When he put all things together, the address with which Toussaint had forced the whites to acknowledge him, and relieved himself of all his opponents, and the fact that he was revered as a divinity by his former associates in suffering, Maitland began to question whether England would enjoy much advantage from the proposed league, and to fear that he had not gained quite as much as he thought. And yet Toussaint whispered to him expressions sufficiently decisive respecting the connection with Jamaica, and spoke highly of the friendship of England, and expressed himself as if he wished to make use of the General as his special mediator.

(To be continued.)

From the Correspondence of the Tribune,

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

LONDON, July 31, 1847.

I have frequently observed in your paper poems by the excellent English poet John Critchley Prince. As I have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and have thus learned something of his history, which is very remarkable, I may perhaps interest your readers by sketching the principal events of his life. He was born in Wigan, a manufacturing town of Lancashire, June 21, 1808. His father was a reed-maker for weavers, an extremely ill-paid employment, and having a large family, and being much given to dissipation, was unable, as well as indisposed, to give our subject the advantages even of the most ordinary education. But, fortunately, he had a good and prudent mother,—one who possessed a little learning herself, and wished to impart it to her children,—and by dint of her assistance and the instruction he received a short time at a Baptist Sunday School, he learned to read, though imperfectly. He could now, however, collect the sense conveyed in printed characters, and every book and every scrap of paper that came within his reach he perused eagerly.

At nine years of age he was taken by his father to work at reed-making, in which, from this time, he was usually employed from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. It may be well supposed that under these circumstances he would have little time to improve his mind, especially as his father sought every opportunity to repress his bookish inclinations, lest they should interfere with work; yet in spite of all difficulties he would steal a few moments, whenever he could, to gratify his thirst for knowledge. Often at night, after the rest of the family had gone to sleep, he would slip slily out of bed, and, raking the dim fire, pore over some borrowed volume, till nature, completely exhausted, compelled him to retire to repose. Thus he dragged on the days of his boyhood, neglected and discouraged, his imprisoned genius struggling for more enlarged life and liberty.

In 1821, when he had reached his thirteenth year, pecuniary difficulties induced his father to leave Wigan and move to Manchester, thence he soon removed to Stockport, a neighbouring town, shortly after back again to Manchester, and finally to Hyde, about eight miles from the latter. While in Manchester young Prince obtained a copy of Byron, the perusal of which gave him so much delight that he became from that time forth a devotee of the Muses. While here, also, he became acquainted with an old German soldier, who had been wounded at Waterloo, who often entertained him with glowing, and doubtless exaggerated, descriptions of the countries on the Continent, particularly of Germany. This planted in the breast of the future poet a desire to see foreign lands—a desire which was subsequently gratified under painful circumstances.

In Hyde our subject lived a wretched life, owing to his father's habits and the wretched return for reed making. Thinking to make for himself a better home than that of his father's house, he married, when only nineteen years old, a young female of his own condition in life. This only served to increase his difficulties; for, though his wife was industrious, and continued to work at weaving, to which she had been accustomed, as his family grew around him, his trade still being very bad, he was often sadly pinched.

In 1830, hearing that reed-makers were much demanded, and well paid in France, he determined to try his fortune in that country. Leaving, therefore, his wife to support herself and three children till he could get employment and send for them, with what little money he could gather together, he started. On reaching London he learned that France was in a state of revolution; but not considering that this would inevitably destroy all trade, for a time at least, and goaded on doubtless by a desire to break the dull monotony of his life and gratify an ardent curiosity to visit scenes on which his imagination had long dwelt, he still persevered in proceeding. Reaching Calais, he remained there till Louis Philippe was made King, and then went on to St. Quentin in Picardy, where he expected to find employment. But he was doomed to be sadly disappointed, not being able to get anything to do. Yet unwilling now to turn back, he resolved to go to Mulhausen, on the upper Rhine, a great seat of manufacturers. On his way there he showed the bent of his mind by stopping eight days at Paris, visiting all the places of interest and amusement, thereby nearly emptying his purse, which at first was but scantily supplied.

At Mulhausen he had no better success. His condition, therefore, became very far from enviable. In the heart of a strange country, totally ignorant of the language, nothing to do, and his money all gone—whichever way he turned, starvation stared him in the face. His thoughts also reverted to his family, whom he had left with very precarious means of support; and this added a deeper pang to his sufferings. To return immediately to England was his first thought; but, hoping that trade might shortly revive, he lingered about the city five months in the most miserable condition, subsisting on private charity. At the end of that time, there being no better prospect of employment, his clothes becoming literally rags, sorely haunted likewise by fears for his family, he determined to beg his way back to his own country.

In his return he followed the banks of the Rhine, and, though his body subsisted on scanty morsels from the hand of charity, his poetic spirit enjoyed many an ambrosial feast. The scenes of historic and romantic interest that consecrate the borders of the beautiful Rhine, found, in the ragged English wanderer, a most enthusiastic admirer. Often, without a sou in his pocket, hungry, uncertain whether he would find a bed for the night, he would sit down among the ruins of some ancient castle, his imagination reveling in the rich associations of the Past, till the gathering, chilling shades of night called him from his bright reveries to the bleak realities by which he was surrounded. He would then hobble away, shivering from cold, (for it was Winter when he began the journey,) and thought himself fortunate if admitted to spend the night beneath the humblest roof. Passing through Strasbourg, Nancy, Verdun, Luneville, Chalons and Rheims, he at length reached Calais, where he obtained a passage across the Channel from the British Consul.

The first night after landing in England, he applied for food and lodging at a work house in Kent, and was put into a garret in which were already twelve persons—eight men and four women—some of whom were dangerously ill. He lay at the back of an old woman, whose continued groans, mingled with those of others around, kept him awake and in agony all night. Glad he was when the morning came to release him from this wretched lazar-house. He had noticed, toward day-light, that the groaning of his bed-fellow gradually ceased, and on rising to leave, as the keeper opened the door, he beheld with horror that she was dead! She was a temporary inmate, like himself, and had been left to die without any of the attention requisite to alleviate the pains of dissolution.

Glad to escape from this painful scene, he immediately left, taking the direct road to London.—When he reached the metropolis, he had been all day without food. The thought now suddenly struck him that he might perhaps turn his poetical predilections to some account—for already he had been accustomed to solace his woes by wooing the Muses, though he had published nothing except a few pieces in some obscure provincial publications. Big with hope, he sold his waistcoat at "Rag Fair" for eightpence, and having first partially appeased the cravings of hunger with a penny-roll of bread, he laid out fourpence for paper. With this he entered a tavern, and calling for a pint of porter, and pen and ink, sat down there, amid the uproar of a drunken company of coal heavers, and began to write poetry. Having finished his verses, he wandered about the great city, trying to dispose of them to the booksellers for a few shillings; but no one would patronize our ragged, hungry poet. He was forced to pocket his productions in despair.

He remained in London three days, during which, though the weather was severe, he slept by night in the open air, the cold door-step of some lordly mansion being his bed. But finding himself unable to get employment of any kind, and feeling uneasy about his wife and children whom he had left more than six months previously, with a sad and anxious heart he turned his face homeward, a distance of about two hundred miles. On the way, he subsisted by the most precarious means; sometimes singing in public houses for a few pence, sometimes calling for aid at the work-houses of the parishes through which he passed, and sometimes driven by dire necessity to beg by the road-side. His lodgings at night were equally at the beck of chance. One night in a vagrant office, another in a barn or stable, and the next perhaps beneath a stack of hay or corn in the fields.

With a yearning heart he approached the town of Hyde, where he expected to find at least some of the comforts and endearments of home; but again he was doomed to sad disappointment. Misfortunes seemed to gather and fall more thickly upon his head. Where he had left a home, he found no one to welcome him. His family was in the work-house of the Parish of Wigan, twenty or thirty miles distant. His wife having found herself unable to support herself and children, had applied to the Parish of Hyde for some assistance, and was sent in consequence to the work-house of Wigan, the latter being the parish to which her husband properly belonged.

In a state bordering on frenzy, Prince hurried to his wife and children, took them from the work-house, and brought them to Manchester, where he rented a garret. Here, with no bed but a bundle of straw, with nothing deserving the name of furniture and with clothes scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness, they lived several months in great destitution. Prince himself could obtain very little to do at reed-making, and it was only the labour of his wife at weaving that enabled them to eke out their existence.

It might be supposed that so much misery would chill and blast the most ardent spirit. Not so with Price. His heart continued fresh and true, full of humanity and good will to all men. Nothing harsh, or misanthropical, ever proceeded from his pen. Under all difficulties, and in all circumstances, poetry was his refuge and his solace, and some of the most touching and purest lines that he has ever written, were penned during the darkest hours of his life, before he became known to the public as a poet. About the time of which we have just been speaking, when he first settled in Manchester after his return from the Continent, he lost a child, and his grief on that event was expressed in a poem full of beauty and deep feeling. The following is an extract:

"Yes, thou art gone, my beautiful, my boy!
Thy father's solace, and thy mother's joy!
Gone to a far, far world, where sin and strife
Can never stain thy purity of life;
A young, bright worshipper at Mercy's throne,
While I am here unblessed and alone,—
Lone as a shattered bark upon the deep,
When unrelenting storms around her sweep;
Lone as a tree beneath an angry heaven,
Its foliage scattered and its branches riven;
Lone as a broken harp, whose wonted strain
Can never wake to melody again."

Such is the striking language of a man, who, at the time he penned it, was, in condition, little above the beggar in the street.

He was first brought into public notice and repute by a volume entitled "*Hours with the Muses*," which he published chiefly through the assistance of John Bolton Rogerson, a poet and editor of Manchester. This work gave him immediately a high rank among English poets. His necessities became known also, and many handsome presents were made him by men of rank and wealth. He cannot complain of ill usage from his countrymen since his genius came to light. He resides at present in the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester, living in an humble manner, working occasionally at his old trade of reed-making, but supporting himself chiefly by his pen. In outward appearance he bears no indication of his genius. The sufferings he has endured have made him seem much older than he is. He is about the middle size, with a stoop in his shoulders, a retreating forehead, and a pale, melancholy countenance. He is very modest and unassuming in his manners, and possesses very little conversational power.

Such is a hasty glance at the history of this extraordinary man. He is certainly the most remarkable, if not the best, poet who has appeared since the time of Burns. Of the character of his writings, time and space forbid me to speak at present. I would only say that he is eminently a poet of the people. Sprung from the very lowest class of society, he sympathizes with the masses and seeks to elevate them. Not, however, by putting forth destructive or revolutionary doctrines, but by aiding the steady progress of Light and Truth. He exhorts men to use reason and not violence. Hear an extract from his "*Call to the People.*"

"Awake! in moral manhood strong,
Endowed with mental might,
With warm persuasion on your tongue,
To plead the cause of Right;
Let Reason, centre of the soul,
Your wild and wandering thoughts control,
And give them life and light!
Then may ye hope at length to gain
That Freedom ye have sought in vain."

Yet, he sometimes aims powerful and well directed blows at existing abuses. The following strong lines are extracted from his "*Vision of the Future:*"

"I see no splendid tyrant on a throne,
Exhorting homage with a bauble rod;
No senate, heedless of a people's moan,
Cursing the produce of the fertile sod;
No sensual priest, with pampered pride o'erblown,
Shielding oppression in *the name of God*;
No pensioned concubine—no pauper peer,
To scorn the widow's or the orphan's tear."

Yours, &c. J. C. C.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKBURNE AND THE STARVELINGS.—"Two shrunken, wan, starved boys, 'eleven years old, charged with stealing one pint of Indian meal stirabout, the property of the Guardians of the Lowtherstown Union, were placed before him at the felons' bar at Enniskillen." The red-faced majesty of justice sat dyspeptic in horsehair and tawdry red, and its grey eye glistened. Twelve men, too, in their sober senses—twelve men who are, or may be fathers—were, we are positively told, sworn, empanelled, charged, and seated, with police Cerberi at the box-door, to try these daring burglars for this monstrous crime!—Then two green constables, gorgeous in leather, sublime in brass, awfully pricked out with bayonets, mounted the table of doom; and being sworn on the Gospels of Charity, they averred they had actually, and without doubt, caught—caught my lord and gentlemen—the malefactors 'in the soup kitchen,' and the indentical 'pint of Indian meal stir-about in their pockets!'—The twelve taxpayers in the box 'stood upon the rights of property,' and in infinite contempt for the rights of life, knocked their heads against the foreman's. That important head shook, reverberated, and gathering up in itself all the wits of the other eleven, seemed weighed down with wisdom. Then it opened its pursed lips, and gave forth, like a wooden oracle, the solemn sentence—'guilty.'—How the little hearts palpitated, as if human blood coursed in them yet; and the blue lips faded into white, and the wan cheeks grew more sunken and more livid still, and the shrinking, babes held by each other to bear the Judge's look.—Profound in solemnest and most important doubt it was, as its well-fed owner asked of Mr. Schoales, 'if he knew what Judge Torrens had done with boys who were tried for a similar offence at Cavan?'—'My lord,' answered the merciful juris-consult, 'he was recommended to try solitary confinement and whipping.' Solitary confinement and whipping!—Then the chief justice, swollen with good living and indignant morality,—'I will not pass sentence on you until I consult with my learned brother Torrens, and I will then inflict such punishment on you as you will remember the longest day of your lives.—And what is the result? These two men, learned brothers that they are, coolly concocted and agreed to the extremest infliction of 'the law!' Chief Justice Blackburne has sentenced the unfortunate children to 'transportation for seven years.'—This they will 'remember the longest days of their lives'—and so will we."—*Dublin Nation.*

FLESH EATING AND VEGETABLE EATING.—To consider man anatomically, he is decidedly a vegetable eating animal. He is constructed like no flesh-eating animal, but like all vegetable-eating animals. He has not teeth and claws like the lion, the tiger, or the cat, but his teeth are short and smooth, like those of the horse, the cow, and the fruit-eating animals; and his hand is evidently intended to pluck the fruit, not to seize and rend his fellow-animals. What animal does man most resemble in every respect? The ape tribes: frugiverous animals. Doves and sheep by being fed on animal food (and they may be, as has been fully proved) will come to refuse their natural food: thus has it been with man. On the contrary, even cats may be brought up to live on vegetable food so that they will not touch any sort of flesh, and yet be quite vigorous and sleek. Such cats will kill their natural prey, just as other cats, but will refuse them as food. Man is naturally a vegetable eating animal: how then could he possibly be injured by abstinence from flesh? A man by way of experiment was made to live entirely on animal food; after having persevered ten days, symptoms of incident putrefaction began to manifest themselves: Dr. Lambe of London has lived for the last thirty years on a diet of vegetable food. He commenced when he was about 50 years of age, so he is now about 80, rather more, I believe, and is still healthy and vigorous. The writer of the Oriental Annual mentions that the Hindoos among whom he travelled were so free from any tendency to inflammation that he has seen cases of compound, fracture of the skull among them, yet the patient to be at his work, as if nothing ailed him, at the end of three days. How different is it with our flesh-eating, porter-swilling London brewers: a scratch is almost death to them.—*Flowers and Fruits, by J. E. Duncan.*

SOME of the American papers hoped that Generals Scott and Taylor might celebrate the fourth of July, the anniversary of American independence, in the city of Mexico. Such an incident would have supplied a moral of most comprehensive reflection. The first conquerors of Mexico, Cortez and his followers, celebrated festivals of the Roman Catholic church in "the city of the Montezumas," as the American press is fond of calling Mexico, and did their bloody work none the worse for the pause. *They* had one excuse, however, which the free and enlightened Yankees have not: they were ignorant, honest bigots, and really thought their murders were to the glory of the God of the Christians